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VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1900.

NO. 42

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

GINX' BABY.

THE next issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS will have for title "Ginx' Baby." The little essay will recall the once famous, now practically forgotten book of that name, the humor, satire and pathos of which were so impressive to the readers who are now in their later forties or early fifties. The book is now out of print in this country and in England, though it has been published in the Tauchnitz series of novels in Germany. The essay will be of interest to all persons who are concerned with sociological problems and generally with the inequalities of conditions and the "great mystery of misery and pain." "Ginx' Baby" has many piteous little brothers and sisters in the great cities of the world to-day, and a reading of this little gloss upon the noted problem-story may possibly serve to inspire many with the desire to do something in aid of the many contemporaneous movements and institutions for the bettering and brightening of child-life among the poor. THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sold at 5 cents per copy, or they will be sent by mail to any address for one year, twelve issues, for 50 cents, payable in advance.

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THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

THE Christmas number of the MIRROR will be issued December 20th. It will surpass, in all respects, all past holiday issues of this paper, and that is saying a good deal.

A special cover has been designed for the Christmas number by Mr. John Wilton Cunningham, and the beautiful painting in oil will be faithfully reproduced in every tint and tone by the latest artistic processes.

The special contributors to the Christmas number are selected, not for their names, but for the quality of their matter. The regular contributors will all be represented by special efforts by way of celebrating the glad season. The fields of fiction, verse, criticism, and sprightly comment will be well covered, and the aim of the publisher, to make the issue distinctly readable, from cover to cover, will be found to have been accomplished as nearly as it is possible for any human object to be attained.

The issue will consist of eighty pages, and not one of them will fail to appeal to the intelligent reader. Much of this great Christmas issue is already printed, and the few remaining forms are kept open for the benefit of eleventh-hour advertisers who may wish to take advantage of the increased circulation of the number, for the Christmas MIRROR is not only issued in larger edition than the regular issue, but is passed by original purchasers or subscribers from hand to hand, and mailed and re-mailed to all quarters of the earth, or is kept about the house for weeks, so that advertisements in its columns are more surely and generally read than in any other similar publication in the West.

While the Christmas number will be sold on news-stands, at ten cents per copy, all subscribers to the paper will receive it without extra charge.

Regular readers of the MIRROR, familiar with the high quality of past Christmas issues, would do well to order in advance any copies they may wish to send to their friends, because, in the past, copies of the Christmas issue have been very scarce after the first few days succeeding publication. If names and addresses of persons to be so remembered are sent to this office the paper will be mailed direct without extra charge.

Advertisers are notified that the acceptance of advertising copy, after December 5th, will be with the distinct understanding that there can be no guarantee of position in the then remaining pages, while no advertising can be accepted later than the 10th of December. Only unexceptionable advertisements will be taken. Rates will be given on application, and there will be no reduction of those rates under any circumstances. The rights of the reader are considered as of at least equal importance in the MIRROR to the question of advertising revenue. Advertising in the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, as, in fact, in the regular issues, is considered rather as to quality than quantity.

THIS IS THE STRAIGHT STUFF.

WORLD'S FAIR POLITICS FROM A PRACTICAL STANDPOINT.

ON page 4 of this issue will be found Mr. Frederick N. Judson's remarkably clear presentation of the plight of St. Louis, its causes and the remedies. The chief remedy is money. The city needs more money and to devise means to get it. But the money has to be obtained from the citizens and they will not vote it unless confident that its expenditure will be in good hands. Therefore, in fact, the first remedy lies in electing good men to office at the election next April.

The politicians want to name the men who will expend the money necessary to revive St. Louis. The Republican organ, the *Globe-Democrat*, desires to scare the people into supporting the Republican ticket by crying out that the Democrats are trying to steal the World's Fair. That's the thief crying "stop thief," though it is true.

Certain independents have been dallying with Messrs. Hawes, Butler, and Swift, the Democratic machine bosses, with a view to some sort of an alliance. The independents believe that they can get Messrs. Hawes, Butler and Swift to agree to nominate for office men selected by the independents, or to agree to support an independent movement. The independents delude themselves, in my opinion.

Messrs. Hawes, Swift, and Butler are not fools. They are smart men—extraordinarily smart. They have just won a big victory. They are not going to imperil their leadership in the Democratic organization by letting a lot of men outside the organization name the next city ticket. They won't try to jam down the throats of the Jefferson Club and the City Committee, the men selected by the independents. The Jefferson Club and the City Committee feel that they won the local victory, November 6th, and they are going to have regulars, who helped them, nominated for office, or they will gag at the attempt to foist upon their suffrages men they do not know. Messrs. Swift, Hawes, and Butler are monkeying with the independents for but one reason. That reason is simply to kill an independent movement. There cannot be an independent movement in local politics, so long as the men who might lead the movement are conniving with the very people against whom an independent movement should be directed.

As long as the politicians can keep the independents on the string, in the hope that the latter can get the former to nominate good men, so long will an independent movement be delayed. The longer the organization of such a movement is delayed, the surer it will never be begun. Then, when it is too late, Messrs. Swift, Hawes and Butler will up and nominate their own men and give the independents the merry ha-ha. The independent leaders will be practically committed to the support of Swift and Hawes and Butler. They cannot get the independent forces together for the presentation of a non-partisan ticket, and the public will be left to choose between the trio of Swift, Hawes and Butler and the trio of Ziegenhein, Schawacker and Baumhoff. And the two trios will get together, probably, in a sextette and fix things up the way they want them to go.

While Messrs. Hawes, Swift and Butler are monkeying with the independents they are doing other things. They are trying to break up the Barrett-Lemp faction in the City Central Committee, or to bring the faction into a combination. The Barrett-Lemp faction represents about eleven out of the city's twenty-eight wards, and ninety votes in a convention. The Barrett-Lemp factionists can beat the city ticket nominated by the other seventeen wards, unless they are recognized. But when the Barrett-Lemp faction is recognized and taken into camp and given a share in the spoils the independents may go to the devil. They will not be needed.

Furthermore, while Messrs. Swift and Butler and Hawes are "colloquing" with the independents they are working on Governor-elect Dockery. For what? To reappoint Mr. Hawes head of the Police Board, and Mr. McCaffrey head of the Election Board. With the police and the judges and clerks and free and unlimited registration of dummies, and voting of repeaters, what use will Messrs. Swift, Hawes and Butler have for the independent vote? None. There's no Uncle Sam to terrorize the stuffers at a city election. Therefore, the independents may "go chase themselves." Any old ticket put up by Swift, Butler and Hawes will be elected,—if necessary, before the polls are opened.

And again: Mr. Chauncey Ives Filley has an independent, good-government semi-socialistic, Republican organization in the field. Mr. Filley is a practical politician. He has a certainty of being able to poll for the ticket he will nominate—provided he does not capture the regular Republican organization, body, boots and breeches,—at least ten thousand votes. That alone would be sufficient to beat any nominee of the Ziegenhein machine. Therefore, why should Swift, Hawes and Butler care to nominate the choice of a lot of mugwumps, when everything points to their ability to elect any gang of tools they may select? With the aid of Mr. Filley, the Barrett-Lemp faction of the Democracy, the police force and the election board, Messrs. Hawes, Butler and Swift can elect any pack of political pirates or stiffies they may prefer. They have a cinch—if only they can fool the independents along, with the idea that the independents are to name the ticket for the Democrats, until such time as it may be too late to nominate independent candidates.

The situation, then, is simple. The Republicans have no show to carry the city. They are hopelessly split. They have no leader but Mr. Filley, and he is against the Ziegenhein idea. They are thoroughly discredited, and held in contempt. The Democrats have everything their own way. They will not give the offices to men who are not in the organization. They want the offices for themselves. And Butler, Swift and Hawes cannot coerce the boys. The boys won't stand for the dictation. They want pie. It's no food in their bellies that Butler, Swift and Hawes fix nominations, handle the money, and get "perqs" for watching the interests of the Transit Company. Messrs. Swift, Hawes and Butler cannot deliver the goods in the matter of forcing the party organization to accept a ticket made up by Messrs. Thomas S. McPheeters, Frederick N. Judson and James L. Blair and other well-meaning gentlemen. Messrs. Hawes, Butler and Swift won't try to force the mugwump slate upon the organization. They only keep "jollyng" the independents with the idea that the party will accept a mugwump ticket, to prevent the independents getting together and putting up a ticket of their own. The independent movement is the only thing the Democratic bosses have to fear. They're choking that with "taffy."

The Democratic bosses must not be allowed to abort the independent movement. The independents should put the Democratic bosses to the test. Let the independents nominate a ticket and nominate it early. Then, if the Democrats wish, let them indorse that ticket. If they won't do this, then the independent movement could be pressed to the defeat of the Democrats. If the movement be aborted by expert practitioners, like Messrs. Hawes, Butler and Swift, the Democratic machine can elect any gang of spoilsmen it may choose to nominate.

Such being the case, the City of St. Louis, during the World's Fair period, would be under machine or gang rule. The money to be expended for putting the city in shape for the Fair, would be in the hands of machine men and gangsters. The money would be misapplied to the benefit of machine and gang. It would go, largely, in official salaries to political workers. The people, knowing this, would refuse to vote the necessary money. Without the money the city cannot be improved. Without an improved city, no use to go open-eyed into failure; no use to try to hold a World's Fair. To have no fair would be a mis-

fortune to the city, after we have talked so much of it. But a rotten, sloppy town would obscure the value of the Fair and probably make the Fair itself, if held, a fake.

There will be no successful World's Fair with the city under gang rule. Gang rule is certain, unless the persons interested in the World's Fair take up the only method available to prevent gang rule of the city. An independent movement is the thing and the only thing. The World's Fair can only be saved by an independent movement. If the independents are tied up with the Democratic triumvirate, Butler, Swift and Hawes, then the men in charge of the World's Fair arrangements must organize to name a ticket that will have but one object, the improvement of the city to fit it for the Fair. The World's Fair Committee of Two Hundred is the body that should act. It is thoroughly representative of the city. It is composed of men of both parties. It is non-partisan. It is interested in city administration as a part of the World's Fair administration. The two cannot be separated. The World's Fair committee of Two Hundred should convene itself in sort of convention, calling upon other non-political organizations and all persons desirous of rescuing the Fair from politics to join the convention, and nominate a ticket before the bosses of either party can put a ticket in the field.

Everybody in St. Louis is for the World's Fair. Everybody in St. Louis, therefore, would support a World's Fair ticket, in preference to a Swift-Hawes-Butler ticket. For without a World's Fair, non-political ticket, the Hawes-Butler-Swift ticket will not be made up of men rampant for reform and economy. Unless the independent, World's Fair ticket be put up before the Democratic bosses can fix themselves so as to ignore the independent vote, the Democratic bosses will name a ticket for the benefit of the gang and the ticket will be elected, and the gang, having control of appropriations, will hold up the World's Fair organization for spoils in contracts and appointments. The World's Fair will be in politics, and the worst sort of politics, head, neck and heels.

The World's Fair Committee of Two Hundred must save the World's Fair and the city from gang domination, before the Democratic bosses throttle the independents now dicking with them. The World's Fair Committee of Two Hundred must do this or turn the Fair over to Messrs. Hawes, Swift and Butler. The World's Fair Committee of Two Hundred must lead a movement to nominate, at the earliest possible date, an independent ticket, secure the signatures of the electors and proceed to arouse the citizens to the necessity of supporting such a ticket, else the World's Fair period will see the city and the Fair maladministered and corrupted by a horde of party hacks. The Republicans are "dead ones." The Democratic gangsters are the World's Fair's greatest danger. This is the straight stuff.

William Marion Reedy.



REFLECTIONS.

University Troubles

TWO professors have resigned from the faculty of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, because they thought they were being persecuted for opinions and teachings at variance with the interests of the capitalist friends of the University. This question of the right of trustees and founders and benefactors of educational institutions to say what economical, social or political fantasies shall not be taught in the institutions is a burning one. A university professor in a Baptist college would scarcely dare to inculcate Roman Catholicism in his classes; yet professors stand up before university classes and teach the boys that the men who founded the institution obtained their money by violation of the moral law, that they were the beneficiaries of conditions wholly evil. It is asking more than human nature can bear to ask trustees and beneficiaries and founders to sanction such teaching. On the other hand, it seems rankly unjust to gag a man for teaching his honest conclusions from the study of a subject he has made

a specialty of for years, and in which he is an authority, and employed as such. A professor cannot be asked to teach what he does not believe. A board of trustees cannot be expected to sanction teachings that they do not believe to be correct, or to the interest of the college or university. The professor who denounces the methods by which was reared the wealth that pays his salary may be conscientious. He may be right. But we cannot expect the man who raised the wealth, or his family, or his trustees, to agree with the professor. We cannot expect professors to dodge such issues when they obtrude themselves in the course of investigation of certain studies. We cannot expect a professor in such matters as precipitate this problem to discuss both sides with absolute impartiality, and leave the conclusion from all the facts to his pupils. The professor cannot teach unless he applies principles. And once he gets to applying principles he must approve or condemn certain things as right or wrong. An instructor is employed to impart truth as he understands it, but, unfortunately, there are few truths which all people understand alike, outside of mathematics. The professor's truth may seem vile heresy to the trustees, founders or benefactors in other ways. The men responsible for the institution must protect it from being made the instrumentality for the propagation of doctrines that they regard as dangerous in themselves or in their drift. It is the old question: What is truth? And it is as unanswerable as ever. The new doctrines undoubtedly are growing stronger, but the adherents of the old doctrines of economics and sociology only see, in the gathering strength of the new, weightier reason for checking their further spread. Often enough, we may safely say, the new doctrines are chiefly offensive to university and college trustees and benefactors, because they are too extremely stated and too pointedly applied to individual cases, but new science, especially social and economic science, is especially directed at the evils of the wealth, by virtue of which most of our institutions of learning are maintained. This results in clashes. However we may turn the matter over and around in our minds, we cannot see how there can be effected any compromise in such disputes between trustees and professors. Plainly, the thing for a professor to do when he wants to teach a doctrine distasteful to those who pay him his salary is to resign his place. He may be satisfied he is right, but there is a certain right on the other side of the question, too. No man has all the truth about anything. When professors get into trouble, such as that at Stanford University, it is always safe to assume that they do so as a result of a too pointed application of principles to the condemnation of the methods of those who founded, or helped, the institution in which they teach. Professors who get themselves in this kind of trouble are, usually, men who are addicted to loose talk and to sensationalism. They do not teach a science so much as they conduct a political propaganda, and the latter has no place in a university curriculum. The professors who are denied free speech will usually be found to be men who speak aught but magisterially. The level-headed professor manages to get along well with superiors differing in political beliefs, and that, too, without concealing his own convictions. He doesn't make stump speeches to his classes, and he doesn't denounce the men whose generosity and philanthropy render it possible for him to teach. The professor who is "a martyr to free speech" is usually flighty and fantastic, and "not all there," to begin with. He is generally vain, and always fanatical in a way no true seeker for truth should be. Now and then one of these professors has dignity in his difficulty, like Professor Geo. D. Herron, who, of his own accord, left a university that his peculiar view might not embarrass the other members of the faculty and the trustees, but nearly all the others are seeking martyrdom and making themselves unpleasant to accomplish their purpose of sensationalism. They are oftener agitators than pedagogues, and it is in their former capacity that they make themselves objectionable. This applies, too, for the most part, to those who would not have institutions of learning accept benefactions from men whose wealth was acquired by questionable means. Such protestants are too prone to harsh, un-

charitable judgment of their fellows. They are apt to take the fact of a fortune as almost equivalent to proof that it was wrongfully acquired. They are not friends of education, because they are not tolerant. They ignore opportunity for good in contemplation of what they conceive to be wrong. They have not the sense to make evil work for good's advancement, as it does throughout all Nature. These people, as well as the martyrs to free speech, demonstrate that there is no man who can do more damage to a good cause than the fool friend who won't have the cause profit or triumph unless it does so in his way and in ruthless disregard of the sensibilities of other people who are, in all decent presumption, as honest and sincere as himself.

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Not Necessary to Win

THE would-be reorganizers of the Democracy illustrate magnificently a sordid view of Democracy. They want to reorganize the party. What for? To win. To win what? The offices—nothing else in the world. These reorganizers don't care for anything but the fact that the party as at present organized can't win elections. They want issues they can win on. When they did win on issues, they sold out the issues. They knifed Grover Cleveland, chiefly, because he didn't think the main end of winning was to give jobs to the workers. The fact of the matter is, that the Democracy is not built for a winning party. Its vitality does not depend on winning. Its value lies in its standing up for individualistic principles. It is, for that reason, inclined to inefficiency in power. Office corrupts its ethics. It is a party chiefly of protest against rule. When it becomes ruler it becomes anachronistic and conflicts with its own purposes. Democracy doesn't have to win to be useful. It doesn't have to get the offices to produce its purposes in fact. The cry "we can't win" is base and cowardly. It is the cry of the people who are not Democrats but oligarchs. The Dickinsons, Whitneys, Gormans and their kin want to win, that winning may enable them to be a syndicate of favorites of government like the followers of Mr. McKinley. The Democracy must not be reorganized to win the offices. If reorganized at all it must be solely to forward principles that are right, regardless of the offices. So, without conceding the right of the attitude of the Bryanite Democracy, it must be said that the proposal to cut out that branch of doctrine solely because its advocacy does not give control of spoils is a degrading and unworthy proposal. The Democracy is no good when it only wants to win. It is only good and true and useful to the world when it stands for the principle of equal rights to all, special favor to none, and when it stands for that doctrine in resistance of all temptation to forego it for the flesh-pots. Democracy is better in its later rabidness than it ever could be as a party whose issues are "anything for office." Mr. Bryan is better than Gorman. Mr. Altgeld is preferable to the shifty Hill. The chief would-be reorganizers of Democracy are only syndicators and allies of the supporters of privilege. They are Republicans in all but name.

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When Knighthood Was in Flower

"WHEN Knighthood was in Flower," Charles Major's somewhat piebald alleged Sixteenth Century romance, had its first presentation as a drama at the Olympic theater on Monday night. The piece made an immediate hit with a large audience inclined to "the giggles," and it is safe to predict a great vogue for it. The play, as a play, is better than the book, as a book; and that isn't saying much. Paul Kester and Miss Marlowe, who dramatized the novel, have done a good, even and workmanlike job, but they adhered too closely to the text to attain anything more than dramatic mediocrity. Farical situations, Marlowe's infinite variety of pretty moods, coquetry and emotional tricks, added to Kester's undoubtedly fine stagecraft have galvanized the piece into a smooth, swift-running, rollicking love comedy. That's what it is. Half a dozen passages in each of the four acts threaten farce-comedy. It's so insistently jolly that the few tragical suggestions intended to give purpose, if not dignity, to the story, are tinged with burlesque.

Stagecraft is, after all, the technical name for clap-trap, and when it overshadows the literary qualities of a dramatic composition it must cheapen the effect, no matter how skillful the player may be. The physical ensemble of the new play is almost splendid—certainly accurate, sincere and generous. Miss Marlowe and her players slight none of its possibilities; indeed they have manufactured its best bits of by-play and all of its sprightliness. But they cannot make noble situations out of hand nor give wit and wisdom to words that have not the gist of either. From the box-office lookout it is fortunate that the character of *Princess Mary of Tudor*, the most variable and winsome woman of her day, and that of the fat and lecherous *King Henry*, as limned by Mr. Major and projected by Miss Marlowe and Mr. Harbury, lend themselves so readily to the saving "business" of jollying an American audience. In the play the *King* is a much funnier clown than *Summers*, the court jester, and when he threatens *Master Brandon* with Tower Hill and exile, there are no tears or trembles in the audience. They laugh at him, when the ardent *Mary Tudor* simulates momentary horror. From the moment the love story is launched with the dancing episode, in the first act, till *Louis'* widow smuggles her Suffolk commoner back into England, there is not a moment when the denouement, the jolly denouement, is imperilled. Everybody knows the thing will "come out all right." So the tickled audience anticipates the action of the play, laughs at the wrong time and keeps its tongue in its cheek while the simpering *Buckingham* and the piratical *Judson* are honestly trying to be villainous. These be fortuitous things for the prosperity of the play. As for the dramatic art, that's another story, anyhow. The audience came with applause in its hands and feet, and delivered it without hesitation. Miss Marlowe and Bruce M. Rae, her *Charles Brandon*, were recalled so frequently as to delay the performance and, of course, mar the continuity of the pictures and action. For some reason, nobody seemed to think of Mr. Major, the author, till the end of the interval between the second and third acts, and then cries for him were started in the gallery. The packed parquet and circle did not participate in the demonstration promptly or vigorously and the net result of a rather disorderly demand for a speech or a bow from Mr. Major was a hapless delay of ten minutes and the ruin of the opening passages of the third act. Mr. Major was in the house, most appreciative of the plaudits, but he did not like to appear in the midst of his Sixteenth Century fun-makers. When the last curtain had closed the play, doubtless, he might have been induced to say a word, but the audience, as usual, was half out of its seats and even the parting words of winsome Marlowe were unheeded. There are no physical crudities in the play that cannot be mended. The first performance, barring unavoidable hindrances, ran with remarkable smoothness and precision, and the pruning off of some of the foolish introductory dialogue, superfluous morris-dancing and lesser debris will bring the play quickly within good limits of time.

✽ ✽

Sentimental Tommy

THE Eastern critics are all falling afoul of Mr. J. M. Barrie for his picture of the later life of his inimitable *T. Sandys*, or *Sentimental Tommy*, as told in "Tommy and Grizel." The critics simply do not know. The study of the later life of the amiable egoist-hero of the tale is a perfect grasping of the literary temperament carried to the highest degree of intensity. *Tommy* is a being who so strongly believes in his dreams of romance that he becomes the hero of every possible romance that may be conjectured or constructed out of the situations of his every-day existence. He is the sentimentalist *par excellence*, the man whose emotions are so acute that even when they are imaginary they lift him out of the dull realm of fact. He is the hero of every tale he reads. He tortures every incident of life into an act in some imaginary drama. He lives in a world of exalted visions and high color and immense emphasis. He translates the gray facts, the simple things of life into gorgeous colors and curious fancies. He

remakes life into art in his actual living and his sentimentality of heart makes him terribly heartless. In a queer, sub-conscious way he plays with poor *Grizel's* heart as Domitian tortured flies. He plays at the hero almost involuntarily, just as he did when a boy. Life becomes to him the living of a story book, a succession of artistic, semi-insane illusions. "Sentimental Tommy" is the finest vivisection of the literary temperament carried to the nth power that English literature possesses, or is likely to possess, and *Grizel* is the woman that always suffers for that temperament in the man she loves—"for each man kills the thing he loves." "Sentimental Tommy's" career is a great piece of literature, and whoso understands it not is happy—for when you understand it it hurts almost to heart-break.

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Thanksgiving

THERE is abundant reason for thanksgiving. Most of the things for which some of us think we should not be thankful are things that we ourselves can remedy. Of the things we cannot remedy, that are inherent in the scheme of life as designed and worked out by a Power above and beyond ourselves, it may be said they are things the ineradicability of which is good for us in the long run. If it were not for our failures our successes would not count. If it were not for our troubles our joys would not be worth while. If it were not for resistance to our efforts we would make no effort. This is the best world we know anything about. At least it is improvable, if not perfectable. There is no one who has nothing for which to be thankful, for, to fall into a Hibernicism, he should be thankful that it is his privilege, as a free agent, to decline to be thankful. Even the professional gloomster may be adjured: "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

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An Artist's Growth

MR. WILLIAM COLLIER is going to be the leading high comedian of America. His evolution from a farceur into a genuinely humorous portrayer of the more pleasant whimsicalities of human nature and the irresponsibilities of youth has been truly remarkable. His breeziness is refreshing, but it never becomes coarse buffoonery. With the proper medium, something let us say in the Augustus Thomas vein, but of a little higher order than "On the Quiet," Mr. Collier will demonstrate his genius, for, even in his presentation of the skit named, there are passages in which he displays a true power of interpreting things finer and deeper than the mere animal spirits of fun-making. Mr. Collier is destined to be a large figure in the history of the American stage, for while his progress has been marked it has not had the effect of spoiling his character by turning his head. He is sure to be a finer comedian than Mr. Nat Goodwin ever was, and he has many of the qualities that make him the rival, or will make him the rival, of Mr. Charles Wyndham.

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For the Hospitals

SATURDAY and Sunday next the collections will be taken up in this city by the Saturday and Sunday Hospital Association. On the former day the great office buildings, clubs, theater foyers, and public buildings will be bright with the presence of the beautiful and fashionable women of society, all engaged in a winsome hold-up of the frequenters thereof for funds for the various charities for the sick. The victims of the pleasant stand-and-deliver will wear their badges proudly, and will aid the beautiful banditti by helping to secure more victims. On Sunday, collections will be taken up in all the churches. Each year a goodly sum is thus raised and divided among all the hospitals, and each year, it is gratifying to say, the sum increases. This year's figures should show an enormous increase. Everybody should give. This charity is practical. It is non-sectarian. It knows no distinction among the afflicted. Every business and professional man should come down town Saturday morning prepared to disgorge before the smiles of the ladies gathered around the flower-laden tables in all the great buildings. The day is unique in the year. It is a great function, this Saturday collection, and the power of a good deed is manifest in the gladness in

the faces of the yellow-badged contributors flitting about the city. If you don't happen to be caught Saturday, go to church Sunday and contribute in the absolute and joyous certainty that your money will be placed where it will do the most good.

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E Pur si Muove

There has been published as No. 10 of Vol. X. of the "Transactions of the Academy of Science of St. Louis," a pamphlet upon "The Frictional Effect of Railway Trains upon the Air," by Francis E. Nipher, of Washington University. The brochure is remarkable, as it is practically a scientific reply to a decision of the Supreme Court of Missouri in what is known as "the suction case." In that case the matter at issue was whether a boy ground to pieces by a train had been drawn under the wheels by being sucked into the vacuum created by the rapidly moving cars. The Court decided that rapidly moving trains of cars do not act upon the air around them in such a way as to endanger the lives of those about them. Professor Nipher was an expert witness in the case. He and Professor C. M. Woodward testified against the defendant railroad, that rapidly moving trains did create a suction that might draw a person too near the track under the wheels. The Court made sport of Professors Nipher and Woodward in its opinion. The language of the opinion, even charitably construed, implied that the court believed the distinguished experts to be very disreputable men, willing to testify to things of which they were ignorant. The Court, astonishingly enough, put upon record, in its opinion, a similarity which it claimed to have discovered between the conduct of Professors Nipher and Woodward and that of a fallen woman. The Court appears to have agreed that the suction performance was an invention of the experts for the plaintiff, that the theory and fact of this train action was unheard of, although the record of the case does not show that the defendant railroad put forward, during the trial, a single witness to contest the expert evidence. The Court held that even if this alleged train action on air did exist, it was unknown, and the railroad should not be held responsible. The contention of the plaintiffs and the experts was, that the suction necessary to draw a boy under the wheels could only be created by a train running at a rate of speed vastly greater than that authorized by law within the limits of the city. The evidence of the train-crew established the fact that the train was running at an unlawful speed, when the boy was seen to topple over, without being struck by the train, and roll under the wheels. The Court said that the testimony did not disclose any way by which the railroad company might have "provided against" the accident, if due to air currents. The evidence was, however, that the railroad company might have made this accident impossible, by the simple expedient of obeying the law. The lawful limit of speed was six miles per hour. The Court, on a first hearing of the case on appeal, reversed the trial court, because of other evidence—not that of the experts—improperly admitted. In all the trial no railroad man controverted the experts' declaration, although the company might have summoned many of its own oldest employees to testify on that point. Yet, when the case was tried a second time and again resulted in a verdict against the company, the Supreme Court attacked the experts it had appeared in the first reversal and threw out their uncontested evidence. The record of reversal stands, an attack upon the character of two worthy gentlemen and honest, scientific investigators, against which they have no redress, for they cannot even attempt a defence in the record in which they have been wronged. Professor Nipher's paper, just published by the Academy of Science, contains the overwhelming scientific demonstration, beyond all doubt, that every word to which he and Professor Woodward testified was true. Train suction is a fact and train suction is sometimes, at certain speeds, strong enough to draw a boy or even a grown man, under the wheels. The thing is as well demonstrated as that two and two make four. But the Supreme Court of Missouri—wonderful Missouri, where they must be "shown" and even then they deny the

truth—says that there "aint no sich thing!" Talk about Rev. Jasper's "the sun do move!" Talk about the mythical Papal bull against the comet! The Missouri Supreme Court decides that the physical laws of the universe don't exist, so far as that august assemblage is concerned. It is apt to decide against the solar spectrum, against the law of gravitation, against the sphericity of the earth, or against the multiplication table, any old day. But, great though the Missouri Supreme Justices may be, superior though they be to the facts of science, it is fortunate that experimental determinations of wind pressure are not likely to be affected by legal opinions—themselves, often, fearful and wonderful examples of wind pressure—that such pressures do not exist. The profound jurists of the Missouri Supreme Court are reminded that there is nothing in history to indicate that any proposition in mechanics was ever either established or reversed by legal opinions, by offensive personalities or by a combination of both. Professor Nipher's brochure is Galileo's *E pur si muove* over again. And it had to happen in Missouri.

Uncle Fuller.

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THE PLIGHT OF ST. LOUIS.

ONLY DESPERATE AND INTRICATE DEVICES CAN REMEDY IT.

EVERY citizen of St. Louis should read the letter of Mr. Frederick N. Judson, printed in the *Post-Dispatch*, on November 19th. That letter shows how the city has been tied up and held back by the ultra-conservative and archaic City Charter. The letter shows that, with the best possible administration, the city would have been in the hole just the same. The State Constitution and City Charter together have held back the city, have paralyzed public improvement and stagnated all municipal progress. Mr. Judson does not say anything about the police law, that was forced on the city and added an enormous drain on the city revenue, for Mr. Judson was one of the lawyers for the Police Board in supporting that measure and couldn't be expected to denounce it, but his statement of the city's plight, even omitting the police raid and graft, is true and impressive and his remedies are the only ones available, even though they be somewhat circuitously complicated. The main points of Mr. Judson's letter are reproduced here. Readers of the MIRROR will find in the distinguished local publicist's article a summarization of the situation and the remedies agreeing with the main points of the MIRROR crusade of more than a year. Mr. Judson makes it plain that a mere change of administration will do the city little good. A political upheaval will not help us out of the hole. There must be a change of the city's organic law, a sweeping change, a change, too, in the State Constitution, before the city can get in line with the times and keep up with the procession. The work to be done, as suggested, must begin at once. It is a work that must be non-partisan, business-like, public-spirited. Both parties must be forced into the work. Without a change in the law under which the city exists there is no use trying to have a World's Fair. The present situation is a crisis in the municipality. It must be met promptly, unanimously, radically. No one who loves St. Louis can read Mr. Judson's letter without feeling that the time has come to tear off the mummy-wrappings of restriction that have kept the city in its condition of dead-aliveness for the past twenty years.

"Mr. McMath, president of the Board of Public Improvements, is reported as saying that at least \$10,000,000 is required for pressing public improvements. The shocking condition of many of our streets is admitted. The pressing demand for reduction of water rates is resisted on the ground that the surplus in that department is required for filtration purposes. At the same time Mr. Sturgeon, the City Comptroller, announces that there is a deficit in the city revenues available for city purposes; so there are no possible funds available for necessary public improvements.

"This presents a very grave question in connection with the preparations for the World's Fair. A constitutional amendment has been adopted whereunder the city authori-

ties are authorized to issue \$5,000,000 of bonds for the World's Fair in 1903. But this sum is not available for municipal improvements. When this amendment was first drafted it included the authorization of the issue of \$5,000,000 of bonds for public improvement in the city; but after conference with the city authorities this latter was, unfortunately, omitted. This city cannot issue bonds, because the constitutional limitation is in the way, the existing bonded indebtedness being in excess of 5 per cent on the value of taxable property, ascertained by the last assessment, that being the limit fixed by the Constitution, which is still effective, except as to the \$5,000,000 specially authorized by the amendment in aid of the World's Fair. A constitutional amendment cannot be adopted authorizing another bond issue, even if approved by the coming session of the General Assembly, before the general election in November, 1902, too late to be of service to the World's Fair.

"We cannot increase taxation in the city by raising the rate of tax, as we are now levying the maximum revenue rate, nor by raising the rate of assessment, as the rate of assessment is now double what it is in the State at large, and, though nominally 70 per cent., is in many cases equal to the salable value of property.

"We cannot levy an additional tax for public buildings, which the Constitution authorizes upon a two-thirds vote of the people, because our city Charter makes no provision therefor. To amend the charter requires a three-fifths vote of the voters voting thereon. If the charter is so amended, then the tax for the erection of specific public buildings can be voted by a two-thirds vote of the voters approving the rate and purpose of the increase. In view of the existing burden of taxation, so much heavier in St. Louis than in other parts of the State, by reason of the higher assessments, it is at least doubtful whether such increased taxation would be voted. In this connection, however, it must be noted that the city of St. Louis has expended in the 20 years since the adoption of the scheme and charter over \$7,000,000 for permanent improvements, such as public buildings, sewers and so on, which have been defrayed entirely out of current revenues. Had it not been for the constitutional limitation upon bond issues this expenditure could have been made from bond issues, as in other cities.

"So carefully has the taxing power of the municipal assembly under the Charter been restricted that the city cannot levy a poll-tax, which is specifically authorized for road purposes in other cities of the State. Furthermore, no county tax can be levied in St. Louis, and St. Louis is thus compelled to meet what are really county expenses from the proceeds of the city tax, whereas Kansas City, which has also a constitutional charter, meets the same expenditures from the proceeds of a 35-cent county tax. It is not remarkable, therefore, that, with this restricted taxing power and with this limitation upon bond issues, that the city really finds itself in a financial crisis.

"These embarrassments, it will be seen, are apart from any defects of administration. The difficulties may have been aggravated, and doubtless have been, by the multiplication of needless offices and by the reckless and improvident granting of public franchises. But, apart from this, the causes of our municipal difficulties are too deep-seated to be wholly remedied by any change of administration. The greater part of the expenses of the city are fixed by law and cannot be controlled. The great city charitable institutions must be sustained. Life and property must be protected. The public health must be conserved by adequate sewerage and water supply.

"Another feature of our city charter cannot be ignored, which very materially interferes with any radical reform from change of administration. The city Charter was adopted in 1876, and was framed upon the theory, then the popular one, of controlling all public officials by checks and balance. Thus, the Mayor cannot make his appointments until the beginning of the third year of his administration, so that during one-half of his term he must conduct his administration with the officials selected by his predecessor, who may only be removed by the Mayor or Council for cause. It is now recognized that such provisions impair efficiency in government, and that efficiency can best be secured by enlarging the powers of the Mayor, and thus centering responsibility.

"The Constitution makes no provision for making a new city Charter in St. Louis. It authorizes amendments, how-

ever, at intervals of not less than two years, at general or special elections, by vote of at least three-fifths of the qualified voters voting thereat. The Constitution, however, provides that the city shall have a chief executive and two houses of legislation, one elected by general ticket. This provision, doubtless, could not be changed by charter amendment. But an efficient, business municipal administration, such as our citizens now recognize as the imperative demand in St. Louis, and such as we now have in the Board of Education, could be most effectively secured through a city government composed of a Mayor with power of appointing his subordinates at the beginning of his term, and a single house elected on a general ticket by the voters of the whole city. This latter change would require a constitutional amendment.

"It is thus seen that the difficulties of the situation cannot be removed by any change of administration, however desirable or even necessary that may be. The most effective remedy, which can give us what we need in St. Louis and make a thorough and business administration possible, and possible in time for the purposes of the World's Fair, is a Constitutional Convention. This suggestion has already been made by Comptroller Sturgeon.

"The Constitution gives the General Assembly power, at any time, to authorize a vote of the people on the question of holding a convention for revising and amending the Constitution. If so ordered by vote of the people, an election of delegates is called by the Governor and the Constitution is submitted to popular vote, and, if receiving a majority, it becomes the Constitution at the end of 30 days after the election. Thus it is seen that three elections are required. But these can all be held in a few months, certainly during the coming year. On the other hand, any relief through increased taxation, through Charter amendment, would require at least two city elections, the one on the question of the Charter amendment and the other on the increase of the tax. A new Constitution could authorize another board of freeholders to frame a new city charter. Thus all our difficulties would be solved.

"But this need for a constitutional convention is not merely local in St. Louis. The State, by reason of its recent vote, has not only authorized the city of St. Louis to issue \$5,000,000 of bonds for a World's Fair, but it has authorized the appropriation of \$1,000,000 from the State sinking fund for the same purpose, thus increasing the State debt to that amount, or, more accurately, postponing the payment of that amount of the State bonded debt. The whole State, therefore, is interested in the efforts of our public-spirited citizens in making a success of the coming celebration of the Louisiana purchase. It is impossible for St. Louis under existing Charter restrictions to make the necessary public improvements, improved streets and adequate water supply and sewage provision. We cannot invite guests to the house until it is repaired and put in order.

"But apart from all this, the need of a Constitutional Convention, for the readjustment of our revenue system to modern conditions, has been emphasized by the adoption of the amendment for the taxation of mortgages, which bids fair to throw into confusion the revenue system of the State, whatever may be its legal construction. It is announced that one or more of the loaning companies will withdraw from the State, and that the rate of interest on real estate loans will be raised, thus checking business improvements, both in the city and State. It is, indeed, an anomalous situation, this threatened withdrawal of business capital from the State, at the very time when the city and State are going in debt for the purpose of attracting the attention of the world to St. Louis and Missouri as a place for the investment of capital. The feeling that prompted this amendment was not antagonistic to the rights of property, as some suppose. But it was a natural result of a taxing system, which has proved a failure here and everywhere else. The proposal that a man should be taxed only on his actual ownership, i. e., the value of his property, less the incumbrance thereon, is on its face equitable and attractive. The insuperable objection to the remedy is that money can run away and land cannot. Money and mortgages ought to be taxed, but through an effective, and not an ineffective tax. The remedy adopted was tried in Oregon and Michigan and repealed. It has continued in California, but has been made ineffective through judicial construction. We need a Constitutional Convention, if for no other purpose, to adopt a reasonable and just revenue system, and to adapt the constitutional restraints upon taxation and upon bond issues to modern requirements, thus securing

efficiency and equality in taxation, and inviting, instead of repelling, foreign capital.

"But while, for the reasons stated, I believe that a Constitutional Convention is the best and most effective remedy for our difficulties, both State and municipal, it may be that the remedy is not practicable at this time. The Legislature or the people may refuse to call a convention, and the Constitution adopted might be unsatisfactory and be voted down by the people. Assuming, then, that we must resort to Charter amendment, what can be effected by that means?

"As already pointed out, we can avail ourselves of the constitutional privilege, through amendment of the Charter, of increasing taxation for "public buildings." The Municipal Assembly can also be authorized to levy a poll tax for street purposes, as is levied in counties and the other cities of the State for road and street purposes. New sources of revenue may be made use of through grant in the charter, as, under the Constitution, city taxes may be levied on all subjects and objects of taxation. The taxing power of the municipal authorities can therefore be extended by charter amendment to the full extent of this constitutional grant.

"The burden of special taxation can be relieved by distributing the payments over a term of years, as was contemplated in the charter amendments voted down in 1898. This would doubtless have great effect in removing the opposition to special taxation for street improvements. The merit system could and should be made mandatory, so that the abuses of patronage would be removed. The powers and responsibilities of the Mayor could be enlarged. The provision which compels the Mayor to continue half his term with the appointees of his predecessor could be repealed, and any change consistent with the Constitution could be made in the distribution of municipal power.

"These amendments of the city charter could be quickly effected, as only sixty days' notice is required of the vote on the amendments submitted by the law-making authorities of the city.

"Thus, preferably through a constitutional convention, and, if that is not practicable, then through Charter amendments must we find a way out of our difficulties. Both of these remedies can proceed concurrently. In no other way, however, can the World's Fair be made a success, or St. Louis be made a place wherein to hold such a fair."

THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE.

A COMPREHENSIVE BOOK ON TUBERCULOSIS.

IT is not always possible for the author of a book on a subject specifically written for the medical profession to take the laity into consultation, and it is by no means generally advisable. If there is a flagrant evil of the age it is the habit of self-medication, due, no doubt, to the enormous amount of advertising done by the owners of "patent" medicines. Whether in the form of almanacs, or of glaring articles in the daily press, in which symptoms of disease are, as often as not, misrepresented or exaggerated, the layman is taken into counsel with the alleged physician and his case diagnosed by rule of thumb. "That article" ('ad' or almanac,) says the patient "comes near describing my complaint," and, as a logical result, he visits the enterprising "doctor" who advertizes, or buys the medicine advertized whether it is really indicated in his case or otherwise. Thus, much evil results and it is one that, while the conditions favoring them continue, can scarcely be mitigated.

But while this self-doctoring and self-medicating evil is an acknowledged one, and to be seriously reprehended by all sensible persons, there are circumstances under which the layman should read medical books, especially those which refer to the subject of contagious diseases. Such a work, on "Tuberculosis, Its Nature, Prevention and Treatment," has been written by Dr. Alfred Hillier, an eminent London physician, [Cassell & Co., Limited, publishers] primarily for practitioners of medicine and medical students. There have been many books written on Tuberculosis, either from the standpoint of the micro-pathology of the disease, on its treatment, (in works on surgery and medicine,) on its prevention, by various hygienists and sanitarian specialists, but, Dr. Hillier claims, no one book in English has been devoted to the subject as a whole. With this modest apology for a very useful manual "dealing," to quote his preface, "with all the hydra heads of

Tuberculosis in one volume," he has appealed to the profession and, as far as prevention goes, especially to some of the laity. In those chapters of his manual that treat of prevention in every-day life, persons having control over sanitation and public hygiene, principals of colleges, schools and eleemosynary institutions ought to be thoroughly interested and, in his advocacy of the tuberculin test in cattle, stockmen and cattle-breeders likewise.

The thrilling importance of this subject is premised in the first sentences of Dr. Hillier's book, which read as follows: "Of all diseases which have wrought devastation among mankind, there has never been a disease more deadly, more persistent, or more wide-spread, in one or other of its many clinical forms, than Tuberculosis. It is estimated that a million lives annually are lost by it throughout Europe; and in England and Wales alone its death roll is close upon 60,000. Other communicable diseases have caused more dismay, more panic, and occasionally, and for short periods, even wider destruction; but Tuberculosis has been, until recently, unrecognized among the other contagions, the most constant and virulent of all."

Such a statement is calculated to arrest the interest of all persons of intelligence as to the nature of the disease, its different clinical forms, the modes of transmission from man to man, and from animals to man, means of prevention in daily life and the treatment. All these matters are dealt with *seriatim* in this work, and in a manner which, while more or less technical, is not so much so as to be unintelligible to any educated reader.

In the author's brief but comprehensive history of the disease it is interesting to learn that the communicable nature of Tuberculosis was discerned by the Latin nations before the rest of Europe had discovered the fact. Thus, in 1782, the King of Naples passed a decree ordering the isolation of consumptives, the disinfection of their habitations, with heavy penalties for infraction of the law. So, in Spain, Georges Sand, the French novelist, traveling with Chopin, settled down in the island of Majorca. "We sent for a doctor," she writes, (to treat the musician, who died of consumption ten years later) "two doctors—three doctors—each more stupid than the other, who started to spread the news in the island that the sick man was a consumptive in the last stage; as a result there was great alarm." Added to the dread of phthisis, regarded by the Spaniards as contagious, the musician and his friend "were regarded as heathens, as we did not go to mass." The owner of the house they had rented turned them into the street and threatened a law-suit, "and the law of the island plucked us like chickens." So it was in Italy, where consumptives, sent from colder climes, found the most stringent laws were in force to prevent the possibility of contagion.

It was to Professor Koch that the crowning honor of isolating the "tubercle bacillus" was due. His discovery, in 1882, was the result of a series of researches, and made known to the world as the Etiology of Tuberculosis ("Mittheilungen aus dem Gesundheitsamte," Berlin, 1884) and while much has been given to the scientific world since, by many writers, Dr. Hillier claims that "the intimate pathology, the rationale of the incidence of the disease, remains, as originally described by Koch, practically unaltered and unassailed." The scientific details of the theory of the bacillus of Koch, its absolute proof by mechanical delineation and microscopic test, are duly set forth interestingly, the colored engravings making a valuable addition to the descriptive letter-press.

It will surprise non-medical readers to learn that "climate as affected by mere latitude does not seem to have any influence on the disease." This is proven by the death rate from phthisis per 1,000 in the following cities: Rome, 114; London, 121; Milan, 132; St. Petersburg, 151, and Lima, (Peru), 171. Altitude is, on the other hand, unfavorable to the spread of the disease, for it is rarely found in the Alps, the Andes, the Mexican plateaux, and on those of South Africa. It is noteworthy that neither race nor sex seems to be governing factors in the spread of the disease, although "the colored races, when brought into cities, seem unusually liable to attack," which, one can readily understand, may be due to the insanitary condition of their dwellings. As to age, the author says that phthisis is the most common form of the disease in youth and middle age, from 25 to 35 years being the most fatal decade. "Pulmonary Tuberculosis is the disease of all others which cuts men and women down in the flower of their lives." In England out of 307,550 deaths, in the decade 1881-1890,

from this disease, 118,508 of the victims were between 25 and 35 years of age.

A large portion of Dr. Hillier's book is taken up with the different clinical forms of Tuberculosis which concern the medical practitioner. The chapter on transmission, the communicability of the disease is also chiefly interesting to the profession, though one notes, *en passant*, that Congenital Tuberculosis is rare both in man and animals, but few cases being known to medical writers. On the other hand, Sir W. Jenner, M. D., describes in his works a susceptible constitution that may be transmitted. Tennyson's "May Queen," than whom there was "none so fair in all the land, they say" is supposed to be a typical case. But Dr. Hillier thinks that the disease affects the large in build, the coarse in feature, the dull and the sluggish, as freely as the fairest and brightest. And then statistics do not bear out the "susceptible transmission" theory. So it appears to be a case "where doctors differ."

In his treatise on the subject of transmission from animals to man, the author goes into the matter so fully that the average reader, especially the non-medical one, will, after reading it, look with suspicion on his steak and even entertain doubts with regard to other meat. That he will insist on drinking milk only after it has been sterilized and feel dissatisfied about the butter and cheese will also result. He may, indeed, arrive at the conclusion that the Buddhist and the vegetarian are "i the right of it."

Dr. Hillier's remarks on "Prevention in Every Day Life," are extremely valuable. Dust, he places first in the possible sources of danger, and others are milk, (including buttermilk, cream or skimmed milk) butter and cheese, and meat. His remarks on dust as a principal source of contagion should be taken to heart, especially by dwellers in cities. He holds, for instance, that nine-tenths of the micro-organic parasites which propagate disease are due to dust taken up and suspended in the atmosphere, and animadvert, of course, on illy-swept cars, railway carriages and other public conveyances. The chapter on prevention by Legislation applies only to Great Britain, the author insisting on the fact that the preventive laws there are inadequate. His demand for reliable and duly qualified meat inspectors also applies to this country. The closing chapters explain the various methods of treatment adopted by the most advanced scientists in Europe.

The moral of Dr. Hillier's book may be well taken to heart by all in the New World. While it is true that the dreaded Tuberculosis has no such hold here as in Europe, the conditions that have given it sway are growing more apparent as population determines to cities and congests there. It is predisposed by over-crowding, bad ventilation, dirty, dark, damp dwellings, bad or insufficient food, etc. But consumption is chiefly contracted by taking into the system the germ (microbe) of the disease, either in the form of dust, or in food and drink. "These germs are found in vast numbers in the expectorated spittle of consumptives," which is most dangerous when dried and mixed with the dust of streets, cars or rooms.

SOME GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

(MIRROR'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

The Acidulated Depew

IT is truly painful to have to note the growing acidulation of the amiable and gifted gentleman whose erstwhile mellow humor procured for him the happy sobriquet of the "Peach." In some recent postprandial utterances, Dr. Depew gives unmistakable proof of that bitterness of spirit which, in the long run, by an inscrutable decree of the fates, overtakes the professional funny man. Alas, poor Yorick! The humor that was luscious as locusts and wild honey, is now become as bitter as coloquintida. The playful, glittering sarcasm that has delighted a hundred banquets and softened the asperity of many a political combat, is now alloyed with something of the harsh misanthropy of *Timon*. An ungrateful press does not scruple to remind its former idol that it is high time for him to doff the jester's cap and bells and put on the weeds of *Dominic*. This is surely the "most unkindest cut," and it points the chief moral of the decadence of Depew. Who has gladdened the newspapers more than Chauncey, or whose reputation is more obviously the product of our banal journalism? What orator or statesman of this generation has been a richer "graft," a more precious boon to those disseminators

of culture, the patent insides? What public man has more assiduously courted and flattered the press? What aspiring politician has maintained a more active personal bureau?

Of course, these questions are put with an obvious rhetorical purpose—there can be but one answer to them.

It must also be said that the merry doctor, in his post-election gibes at Mr. Wm. J. Bryan, shows a distinct lapse from his former magnanimity. Most people are agreed that the unfortunate Mr. Bryan is carrying a heavy enough load of disappointment and regret in these days, to merit some humane consideration from his victorious opponents. Mr. McKinley, who had most to fear from the Nebraskan, has set a noble example of charity and forgiveness. Mark Hanna has been almost equally apostolic. Depew, alone, continues to attack with avid tooth and claw the defeated candidate of the Democracy. It is an uncanny sight—the venerable jester who, standing in so great need of charity himself, can not extend it to a beaten opponent. What makes it worse for Depew is, that people will know the motive of his inveterate hatred of Bryan. It is indeed a mixed motive, half made up of his own disappointed ambition and half of resentment against the man who so biting characterized him in the late campaign. Good men avert their eyes from the spectacle.

Mark Twain's Peril

I AM not disposed to take back a single word written in appreciation of Mark Twain in the last issue of the MIRROR. But I 'gin to see a real danger to the great man's reputation in the course of junketing and speech-making to which he is just now lending himself far too easily. Mr. Clemens has before his eyes the solemn example of his friend Depew. He knows how the down was rubbed off The Peach. He has been a witness of the depreciation of that long unrivaled entertainer. And, with the utmost admiration of Mr. Clemens' literary genius, I fear he could never stay as long as Chauncey in the sort of trial from which his best friends should most strenuously dissuade him. An oak of the forest cannot be transplanted at fifty, said Grattan. Mr. Clemens is past sixty, in the enjoyment of such a fullness of fame as has never before fallen to an American. Knowing life as he has written of it, he cannot deceive himself as to the motive of many small people who are now feting and receiving and acclaiming him. A lot of them are only seeking to invite attention to themselves and to get their names in the paper. Few of them have read his books or care a damn for them.

The people who cherish his work, who have thumbed his pages, who know his gallery of inimitable characters by heart, are not likely to see him at Delmonico's or at the Waldorf-Astoria. Let Mr. Clemens cut out the whole postprandial business, the authors' receptions, the Mrs. Leo Hunter functions and all that sort of mock-honor which inevitably leads to humiliation and disparagement. Half the crowd that now pursue him expect to see and hear a Merry Andrew, and, perhaps, the great man has a hard struggle to disappoint their expectation. The wisest man may be sometimes moved to folly, but my Lord Hamlet's counsel may be commended without offence—

Let the doors be closed upon him, that he may play the fool in his own house!

Perry in a Pique

MR. PERRY BELMONT, whom Mr. Richard Croker once attempted to utilize as a social jimmy in order to break into the Four Hundred, has resigned in a huff from the Democratic Club. Mr. Belmont alleges the somewhat puerile cause that his name was attached, without his consent, to a bouquet intended as a compliment to his great and good friend, Mr. Croker, on the eve of the latter's latest hegira to foreign parts. The real motive for Belmont's action is of a political rather than personal nature. Belmont believes, in common with some other ingenuous citizens, that Tammany is fore-doomed to defeat next Fall. He wants to be in a position to take a hand in the work of reconstruction from the outside. This is a bad play for Belmont, but it does not surprise the well-informed, as he never evinced a high degree of political perspicacity, (at least not of the sort appreciated by Tammany.) Tammany will console herself for the defection of Perry with the accession of his brother, O. H. P., whom she has just elected to Congress. The latter has just as much money, notwithstanding all he may have dropped in financing the *Verdict* and Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, and if

he does not make Perry's pretensions to statesmanship, he is at least a more tractable person. He has an additional distinction in being the warmest friend that Mr. Bryan may now claim in Tammany Hall.

Michael Monahan.

New York, Nov. 23d, 1900.

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

A PHILOSOPHIC THANKSGIVING SERMON.

TO the words Optimism and Pessimism there is attached a wide and general meaning which is in reality a capsule, in which is confined a variety of specific meanings—meanings which differ from each other quite as much as they resemble each other; and these, by the unphilosophic, are invariably confused together, nor is any one of them understood clearly. This observation applies not only to those refreshing persons whose company relieves the anxious mind of its tension, because they are blessed with a happy immunity from clear thought about anything. It applies also to persons who are, within their own limits, careful and troubled about all manner of serious problems, who rejoice in profound convictions, and regard themselves as moral authorities. We shall find that such persons, as a rule, make use of the word "optimist" as a term of praise, which they apply to all thinkers who take a bright, a hopeful, or an enthusiastic view of the life of the individual, of a cause, of a nation, or of the human race; while the word "pessimist" is applied by them, as a term of condemnation, to anyone who makes light of the joys of which human nature is susceptible, who thinks that the condition of mankind will never be much better than it is, or that, instead of tending to grow better, it is tending to grow worse. Between these meanings they never clearly discriminate, nor realize that certain forms of what they condemn as pessimism are the direct antitheses of others, and afford the firmest basis for certain of the beliefs or moods, which, with a similar want of discrimination, they group together as optimism.

Let us first consider the meanings of which the latter of these two terms is susceptible. Optimism, when used in its purely colloquial sense, means little more than an habitually sanguine view with regard to the prospects and circumstances of life from day to day. Again, the word optimism sometimes means a belief in the virtue of individuals for which there is no evidence. Of this limited meaning of the word it is unnecessary to say more. Let us pass on to those that have a wider range of suggestion, and point, more or less distinctly, to some general and consistent principle. Of these wider meanings, it is easy to distinguish three.

In the first place, people are frequently called optimists on the ground that they believe the good and the benevolent elements of human nature to be, on the whole, overwhelmingly preponderant over the evil, or the wise thoughts of the vast majority of men to be incalculably more numerous than the foolish thoughts. In the second place, by the word optimism is frequently meant the opinion that the pleasures of life, on the whole, are overwhelmingly preponderant over the pains; and in the third place there is frequently meant by it, the opinion that whether life on the whole is preponderantly pleasant or the reverse to-day, the conditions that make for unhappiness are being gradually but surely eliminated, and that it will be absolutely delightful some day, though it may be rash to prophesy when.

And if such be the three philosophic meanings of optimism, pessimism has meanings which correspond to them, of a contradictory kind. The word pessimism is sometimes used to denote the opinion that, in dealing with the majority of our neighbors, it is safer to appeal to their self-interest, than to their passion for heroic self-sacrifice—to suppose that a cabman is more likely to be induced to drive us fast to a railway station, by the promise of an extra fare if he enables us to catch our train, than by any desire on his part to prevent our being late for dinner, or to avoid a postponement of our pleasure in encountering the bills awaiting us. Pessimism, in short, when used in the foregoing sense, means thinking as ill of human nature as general experience will allow us to think. When used in another sense, it means the dismal opinion that the pains or the annoyances of life inevitably outweigh its pleasures, owing to causes inherent in the very structure of our minds and bodies. Of this kind of pessimism an example is afforded us by Leopardi. And, lastly, the word

again is used in a third sense, as meaning the opinion that whatever may be the conditions of human life now, their general and inherent tendency is not to improve, but to deteriorate.

Now most people, if cross-questioned as to what they mean by pessimism, will be found to have in their minds this last meaning uppermost—to identify pessimism with the opinion that, if there is any change at all in the general relations of human life to happiness, the movement is not one of progress but retrogression. This opinion is not only a shock to their feelings, but it seems to them contradicted by so vast a mass of experience, that they are able to console themselves by dismissing it with intellectual contempt, as the morbid imagination of a mind perverted by a bad heart. And the judgment which they thus pass on what we may call the pessimism of retrogression, they extend to pessimism of the other kinds also—the pessimism which questions the preponderance of the pleasures of life over its pains, or the preponderance in human nature of the loftier impulses over the lower and the more selfish. The opinion of the pessimists as to both these latter points is assumed by them to stand or fall with the view that the movement of human affairs is backwards and not forwards: and it is in this confusion of thought that we find origin of the facile contempt and animosity with which, as monopolists of a healthy view of life, they regard all persons or books whose character is less sanguine than their own.

No doubt, a belief that the condition of the human race is inevitably one of progressive, even if slow, deterioration is a view calculated to sap the foundations of character; and seems moreover so little in accordance with fact, that its source may well be sought in some disease of the mind. But this belief, if it is really held by anybody, is held by nobody whose opinion is worth considering. It is certainly not maintained by any serious pessimistic philosopher. Many philosophers have held, and do still hold, that the tendency of things would be to deteriorate—in *peius ruere*—unless human endeavor were a constantly counteracting force. But this belief, though less cheerful than that of those who persuade themselves that every year we are getting appreciably nearer perfection, has no greater tendency to paralyze the human will. Indeed, of the two beliefs, it is the one most likely to stimulate it; for the fatalism of those who think that everything is, naturally for the best may be as demoralizing as the fatalism of those who think that everything is naturally for the worst. But a fatalism of this latter kind is so far from being typical of the pessimism of the present day, that it hardly even forms a part of it. Still less does our contempt or dislike of it offer us any ground for condemning, under the same name, those other forms of opinion to which the name is popularly applied. The pessimism which refuses to admit that, if we take men as a whole, their unselfish instincts can be counted on as securely as their selfish, has nothing to do with any belief that the conditions of life are deteriorating. It is not even inconsistent with a belief that some day may improve. Nor again is any doctrine of deterioration involved in the kind of pessimism which denies that the joys of existence are greater than its pains or disappointments. Such pessimism as this is identical with the traditional teaching of Christianity. It by no means precludes a belief in the social progress of mankind; and, as conceived by the Christian, it is the basis of a spiritual optimism. Exaggerated views as to the excellence of human nature, the natural happiness of life, and the perfectibility of social conditions, do far more to defeat the hopes of the amiable optimists who entertain them, than do the soberer, if gloomier views, of many whom they denounce as pessimists. Nor, indeed, need pessimism, in its effects, be a gloomy creed at all. If we wish to discover men who are really soured and saddened, we must look for them among the optimists who hope for too much in life, and who believe too much in human nature; and are consequently disappointed by both, because they have tried them by an unfair standard; while the pessimists, on the other hand, who hope and believe too little, will be grateful for gleams of happiness where they have looked for nothing but gloom, and for even small kindnesses where they have taught themselves to look for none. The truth, as usual, lies between two extremes; but if we cannot keep our opinions from straying towards one extreme or another, it is safer for some minds to be led into exaggeration by the pessimist, since pessimism, by a natural reaction, will produce in them content and charity, than to be led into exaggeration by the optimist who, by teaching us to expect

too much, converts the disappointed enthusiast into an equally credulous cynic.—*The Saturday Review*.

IN TERZA RIMA.

(For the MIRROR.)

"A truer sign of breeding than mere kindness is, therefore, sympathy, a vulgar man may often be kind, in a hard way, on principle, and because he thinks he ought to be, whereas, a highly-bred man, even when cruel, will be cruel in a softer way, understanding and feeling what he inflicts, and pitying his victim."—*Ruskin on the True Gentleman*.

I CANNOT thank you, Ruskin, though you tell
High secrets of your heaven of art and grace;—
(Not far from Venice, nor maybe from hell—)
Doubtless it is a most æsthetic place
Where well-bred gentlemen with quiet air
Show the advantage of Superior race
By taste for all things that you praise as fair!
Athenian marbles and great Turner's art,
In richest measure are collected there;
No vulgar locomotive makes you start
With screaming whistle, in that Paradise.
Your gentlemen companions are all heart,
Entirely free from every vulgar vice:—
So sensitive that should they kill or maim
A common man, untrained in all that's nice,
They suffer greatly—not from vulgar shame,
But just because their feelings are so deep
And so refined they cannot be to blame
Even if their victim's anguish makes them really weep.

H. Flack.

MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE

AND SOME OTHER BOOKS.

OUTSIDE of the fact that Richard Mansfield is to play "Monsieur Beaucaire," by Booth Tarkington, in St. Louis, this winter, the book itself is one of the most delightful treats, in its dramatic style, of any recent fiction. It is essentially a Mansfieldian character, that of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and one does not imagine that it will lose anything at the hands of the actor who is an artist as well as a player.

From the opening scene of the story, where *Monsieur Beaucaire* exposes the Duke of Winterset cheating at cards in the Frenchman's private apartments, there is a *verve*, a motion, a "go" about the book that is irresistible. A very taking little Frenchman is *Monsieur*, although he is introduced to the reader as only an ex-barber of *Monsieur Mirepoix*, the ambassador of Louis XV. He has been wonderfully successful at cards in Bath, although, because of his low station, he has been turned out of the pump-room by the celebrated *Beau Nash*. *Winterset* has gambled and won in such a way that *Monsieur Beaucaire* suspects his honesty, besides knowing the character of man he is, in general. But he has a use for him and so he plays and plays with him until he detects the cheat and then makes his terms with *Monsieur le Duc*. He wishes to see society, does *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and to bask in the smiles of *Lady Mary Carlisle*, the beauty of Bath. He is handsome, young, educated, has money in plenty and costumes galore, everything that society demands except alas! the passport of birth and rank.

So he places an alternative before *Winterset* that he knows must be decided after his own wishes; either the duke must introduce him as the *Duc de Chateaurien* at *Lady Malbourne's* ball, or he will see that all Bath knows (and that means all England) that the *Duke of Winterset* carries cards up his sleeve when he plays. *Beaucaire* has six strong men in his ante-room when he lays his proposition before the Duke and, tossing off his wig and shaving his upper lip, he becomes at once a *Beaucaire* that nobody would recognize as the erstwhile barber.

Under the circumstances *Winterset* agrees, albeit with much squirming—and society becomes acquainted with the *Duc de Chateaurien* and, what is more to his purpose, *Lady Mary Carlisle* bestows upon the young Frenchman her sweetest smiles and choicest roses. *Winterset*, being a cad of rankest odor, having saved his honor at the price of becoming a social sponsor for *Monsieur Beaucaire*, determines to betray that gentleman to redeem that honor, and, after

setting traps into which the Frenchman failed to fall, resolved upon a grand coup which was, to head a large party of young nobles, follow *Beaucaire* as he attended *Lady Mary* home from a dance, declare him an imposter, just found out and set upon him to kill him, which plan was almost perfectly carried out. *Beaucaire* was not killed, although he fought against terrible odds, and was only saved by the timely arrival of his six attendants. He announces that he will be in the Assembly Rooms one week from that night and goes off with his six servants, after *Lady Mary* turns her back upon him and *Winterset* threatens him with jail and a horse-whipping if he is not out of England in a day. The end of the story is, *Monsieur Beaucaire* turns out to be *Prince Louis Philippe de Valois, Duke of Orleans* and cousin of *Louis XV*, who, to escape a marriage that the king had planned, left France in the disguise of *Mirepoix's* barber, which dramatic denouement is made in the Assembly Rooms, one week from the night of the melee on the road, with the French ambassador and suite to corroborate, and in the presence of his brother, young *Henri de Beaujolais*, not to mention *Winterset*, who gets his dues and *Lady Mary Carlisle* who also receives hers.

"*Monsieur Beaucaire*" is a beautiful book for holiday uses, being elegantly illustrated by C. D. Williams, decorated by Chas. Edward Hooper and from the publishing house of McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"*The Darlings*," by Elmore Elliott Peake, is also a new publication, from McClure, Phillips & Co. It is a clever story, and enters a unique field, in that its heroine is auditor of a Western railroad, of which her father is president, and her brother traffic-manager, while the lover, *par excellence*, of the story is a minister who has evolved from the petted son of a wealthy brewer into a cleric of clericals. The career of young *Darlington*, the traffic-manager, is a study in heredity, he having inherited a diseased taste for intoxicants from an ancestor, and his struggles, falls and bitter repentances make the most striking pictures of the story, while an intensely dramatic situation is reached when he takes possession of a new compound-engine, and runs it, in a delirious frenzy, over imperfect rails, at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour, with a large party in the president's private car following in the rear.

Two years ago, at the instance of David McKay, the Philadelphia publisher, the Reverend J. Loughran Scott, edited a revised edition of Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," a work which has met with a most cordial approval, and which is a most welcome, not to say necessary, addition to the library. Mr. McKay has but recently issued a companion volume to the above in a revised edition of Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry," which is also edited by Reverend J. Loughran Scott, who, while "retaining the old, has created a new," and far more comprehensive work. The best literature upon the Arthurian legends is to be found in this edition, a whole section being added upon the subjects each of *Guinevere*, *Launcelot* and *Elaine*, and the chapter upon *Arthur*, and the passing of his kingdom, enlarged. A chapter upon mediæval legends is inserted, and a third part, of seven additional chapters, is added, consisting, for the most part, of the writings of Ossian. The most grateful editorial touch, however, in this new edition of the "Age of Chivalry," is the introduction of quotations from Tennyson, Scott, Dryden, Arnold, and a host of others of our poets, who have given of their genius to these stories of *Arthur* and his Knights. The book, simply as a book, is beautiful, paper, type and mechanical work being faultless, and it is filled with good illustrations. Its value as a reference work is unquestioned, and while men have imaginations, the fascination that clings to the Arthurian legends, beginning in boyhood, never quite loses its hold even when the sunset days begin. To quote from Mr. Scott's preface: "Beneath every myth lies a needful sentiment. Legends are but an ordinary garment with which truth is often pleased to clothe herself. *King Arthur* is more than a shadow. His name is carved upon the corner-stone of our civilization, and the 'Age of Chivalry' is only limited by the age of man." (Price of book, \$1 25).

Another very handsome and useful addition to the library from the McKay press is the third volume of Miss Killikelly's "Curious Questions," with an introduction by W. Hamilton Mabie. When one runs over the two hundred and fifty-five questions, which it takes this volume of nearly four hundred pages to answer, and realizes that it is

the third volume of a series, the scope and magnitude of Miss Killikelly's work can be imagined, and a wholesome respect for that lady's versatility of memory and power of research is at once aroused. There are one hundred and twenty-five illustrations in the book. (Price, \$2.00.)

Frances Porcher.

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

[For the MIRROR—Copyrighted.]

XXXVI—ANALYSIS.

TO weigh, as in a finely balanced scale,
Each thought and action that the season brings,
Is but to fret the spirit with those things
Which, after all, are of the least avail;
It is enough to know we shall not fail
In all the sweet and high imaginings,
The nobler thoughts which lend to Love his wings,
Though Time, and Fate, and even Death assail.

Analysis is common, and may seem,
Through instances, conclusive as the leaf
Borne to the Ark by the returning dove;
But oftentimes may prove to be a theme
Which sends the worm of jealousy and grief.
To blight the blossom of a perfect love.

XXXVII—TACT.

A woman's crowning glory is her tact;
The art of knowing when and what to say;
When to be grave, indifferent, or gay;
And seem so charming in her every act
That, as a magnet, she will men attract
And easily compel them to her sway.
So shall she rule, or golden hair or gray,
The subtlest type of womanhood, in fact.

For tact is more than beauty; more than wit;
Akin to genius, and the sum of all
Which makes the woman who is blessed with it
A Queen by right, in hovel or in hall;
Sweet as the honeyed lines by poet writ
And true as rings the wild-bird's madrigal.

XXXVIII—IN IDLENESS

To lie upon the grass and watch the herds
Deep standing in the river, and to see
The barred gold glisten on the bumble-bee,
And note the noisy gossip of the birds;
To mark the blue horizon-rim that girds
That purple world beyond, Infinity—
Under the shade of a wild-cherry tree,
To wait, and listen, hampered not by words.

This was our gladness, on a long June day,
Companioned by the lazy lapse of hours,
While ebb'd the slow, enchanted time away,
Where bird-songs came, like intermittent showers,
And drowsy sweet upon us where we lay
The perfume of the elderberry flowers.

XXXIX—A BURDEN OF VAIN WISHES.

A burden of vain wishes; hopes that died,
Vague dreams of fame, and wraiths of brave renown,
Pass in the sunlight, motes that vanish down,
Beyond me, standing on this old hill-side;
And disappear in circling vistas wide,
Like Autumn leaves that scatter, worn and brown
When Summer lays aside her tattered crown,
And somber winds, and rusted fields abide.

A burden of vain wishes! Nay, not so!
Your hand-clasp is my haven, and my hope;
Your love and faith the utmost gross and scope
Of dreams and fact—this at the last I know,
Here, waiting, while the sunset's after-glow
Burns like a torch in valley and on slope.

The Mirror.

BACHELORS IN FRANCE.

WITTY AND WICKED MARCEL PREVOST WRITES OF THEM.

THERE are two kinds of celibates,—the bachelor and the old maid. For the former, celibacy partakes of the nature of a profession and results in little profits; for the latter, it is a matter of necessity, of must, as a rule, and generally full of chagrin and disappointment. The bachelor is deliberately happy, and proud of his condition, while the old maid considers celibacy a humiliation. Our hypocritical social conventions do not preclude the bachelor from enjoying those pleasures which are prohibited by the ninth commandment, but the female specimen is rigorously confined within a sphere of austere abstinence and loneliness. If we hear somebody talk of the joys of celibacy, we know that reference is had to the lucky bachelor, and to no one else. The most intrepid *vaudevilliste* would not dare to try to amuse us with a ballet composed of old maids.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the honorable M. Piot, Senator from la Cote-d'Or, justifiably alarmed at the depopulation of France, has proposed the following law: "On and after January 1st, 1901, the celibates of both sexes, of more than thirty years of age, shall be subject to a tax equal to a fifteenth of the principal of the four quarterly contributions of direct taxes paid by them."

The question will soon be debated within the halls of Parliament, and the discussions will be highly interesting. The followers of Rabelais and Molière in our national legislature will certainly regale us with some cynical phrases, *bon-mots et plaisanteries*, of the true Gallic type.

A tax upon celibates is by no means a modern invention, or would not be calculated to frighten those who desire, by all means, to maintain old abuses. This is not the first time that a Government tries to remedy the evil of celibacy by legislation of this kind. M. Piot, in his crusade against masculine egotism, could invoke the precedents and examples of the Roman law. In ancient Rome, at the time of dilettanteism, immorality and voluptuousness, so well described for us by the author of "Quo Vadis," an excessive number of *blasé*, fastidious and cynical celibates infested the public places, the pornographical theatres and the hydro-therapeutical establishments. In order to do away with these useless members of human society, or, at least, to restrict their numbers, the Roman Senate passed the laws of Julia and Poppea by a large majority, which laws declared that celibates could not inherit or receive any legacies.

The Parisian bachelor, if he is in possession of a good income, leads a gay and joyful life. He can disport himself from morning till evening, or from evening till morning. It means a good deal for an honest bachelor to be in position to say to himself: "I have a right to lead the life of a Polichinelle. I have a right, like the Khalifa Haroun al Raschid, to mix with the crowds in the streets, and to select a pretty girl to help me while away my hours of ease and ennui."

How often can we hear dignified matrons, when informed of the escapades of some old boy, explain, with almost startling indifference and nonchalance: "What does it matter; he can do as he pleases; nobody has a right to criticize him." This reveals the commonly held opinion regarding masculine celibacy; the consequences may easily be divined.

Being a free man, according to the jurisprudence of matrons, and not indebted to society, the bachelor appears to us like a superhuman being, *quasi* divine, and not amenable to the ordinary rules and customs of modern civilization.

He is not subject to any of the clauses of the social contract. The most axiomatic moral principles are abrogated in his favor. Is not this exquisite? On the other hand, his married fellow-men have to pay strict regard to social conventions. Woe to him, who, either through negligence or inadvertence, violates any of the numberless duties of a benedict or son-in-law. The least slip of tongue, or the least mistake of gesture, is at once severely reprobated by that tribunal which would not hesitate to pardon the bachelor for similar delinquencies.

How he laughs, the bachelor, in his well-furnished, luxurious rooms! He laughs at his married friends, at the virtuous citizens, who consider it a patriotic duty to produce children, and are, nevertheless, groaning under heavy taxes, bound by the chains of a ferocious ethical system,

and smarting under the sarcasm and ribald jests of the devoted followers of pleasure.

To make it short, the bachelor is the real king in modern society. He has his own court. The mothers with daughters to marry will do anything to please and attract him. The girls with a small dowry, who are, as a rule, the prettiest, never refuse to dance with him, or to smile at his endless anecdotes. But he is not susceptible; he cannot be caught in the net. Like a butterfly, he goes from one flower to the other, and is never harmed.

The married man, even if he is young and vivacious, is never interesting. He represents banality, regularity and legitimacy. There is nothing entertaining or romantic about him. But the bachelor is surrounded with poetry, with the charm of sin, with the charm of the forbidden fruit. The excitable imagination of matrons and girls sees in him, even if he is old, bald or gray, an irresistible Don Juan, indulging in the revels and joys of Sardanapalus.

Translated from the French of Marcel Prevost, for the Mirror, by Francis A. Huter.

THE SCAR ON HIS FACE.

BEAUTY BLAKE'S HUSBAND.

THE woman passed down the aisle between the tables in advance of the two men in evening dress who accompanied her. Her gown was a glistening mass of black spangles that clashed as she walked. Her hair was over-gold and her lashes too black, but her mouth men craved to kiss. Her eyes had once been soft and violet; now they were blue and piercing. Her cheeks had the beauty that comes from the hand of the *masseuse*—as different from the comeliness of health and girlhood as the perfume of an extract is different from the fragrance of a violet. Her manner had the unpleasant assurance of feminine notability. The men with her seemed to enjoy the sensation she made.

Those who recognized her pointed her out to their companions.

"There's Beauty Blake," said one man. "Not so much of a beauty as she was ten years ago, but a wonder."

Then around the tables the conversation turned upon her, as it always did when she appeared. Women ask their escorts:

"Are all the stories true about her? Is she actually so fascinating? She looks a little hard and bold. Is it true that young Mannering has ruined himself because of her, and that she has refused a millionaire?"

Avis Blake had always carried this aroma of notoriety around with her. It was the essence of a strong spirit corrupted and wrongly directed. She had grown accustomed to the public stare, and blindly imagined it was admiration. In reality, it was the same interest that would be accorded to a two-headed elephant.

Her beautiful red lips smiled over the damask-spread table at the men with her. She felt the eyes upon her, and she had taught herself to smile in that way. When a woman smiles some men never look beyond her mouth.

"Let us have some more champagne," she said. "It is so warm to-night!"

Her voice was not pleasant. It was throaty, and when she laughed there were shrill notes in it.

"Why not switch?" said one of the men. "We've been drinking champagne since two o'clock to-day. I'm going to—"

"Oh, stop it, Billy! Be nice!" she said. "Isn't it my birthday?" She turned a marquise ring of turquoise and diamonds upon her white hand.

"I don't see how you stand it?" said the man addressed. His own voice was a trifle thick.

"Kentucky stock," she said. She nodded to the waiter to bring the wine. The orchestra began to play the last selection for the night. The man filled the glasses.

"Here," she said, lifting her own, "it's not only my birthday, but it's my wedding day! Here's to Love!"

"Your wedding day!" said one of the men. "Which?"

"Only had one," she said. "It was a little country church with apple blossoms on the altar, and I in white with a veil—fancy!"

"Oh—say—chuck it! Don't tell us the story of your life, Beauty. Drink up your wine and we'll have some more. No ancient history to-night! How do you like the band at the Garden?"

She looked at him, smiling with her beautiful velvet lips.

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Size 36x72 inch, worth to-day \$6 00 each, for..\$4.75

Genuine Axminster Room Rugs.

Size 4 ft. 6x7 ft., fine and heavy, worth to-day \$8 50 each, for.....\$6 75
Size 9x12 feet, worth to-day \$35 00 each, for..\$29 50

Khorasan Rugs.

Size 7 ft. 6x10 ft. 6 in., worth to-day \$37.50 each, for.....\$24 75
Size 9x12 ft., worth to-day \$44 00 each, for...\$35 00

Tapestry Brussels Carpet Rug (Uncut)

Size 9x12 feet—best grade uncut Tapestry Brussels, worth \$18.00, for.....\$14.7

Reversible Large Room Rugs

Kelim Smyrnas, size 6x9 feet, worth to-day \$8.35 each, for.....\$6.00
Kelim Smyrnas, size 7 ft. 6x10 ft. 6, worth to-day \$12.35 each, for.....\$9.00
Kelim Smyrnas, size 9x12 feet, worth to-day \$14 35 each, for.....\$12.25
All-Wool Smyrnas, size 6x9 feet, worth to-day \$16.00 each, for.....\$11.75
All-Wool Smyrnas, size 7 ft. 6x10 ft. 6, worth to-day \$24 00 each, for.....\$19.50
All-Wool Smyrnas, size 7 ft. 6x10 ft. 6, extra heavy, worth to-day \$26.45 each, for.....\$22.50
All-wool Smyrnas, size 9x12 feet, worth to-day \$31.00 each, for.....\$25.50
All-Wool Smyrnas, size 9x12 feet, extra heavy, worth to-day \$41 00 each, for.....\$26.75
All-Wool Smyrnas, size 9x12 feet, extra heavy, worth to-day \$37.50 each, for.....\$29.75

THOUSANDS OF

Druggets or Art Squares

Slightly Mill soiled on one side only.

Union Art Squares, size 6x9 feet, worth to-day \$2.75 each, for.....\$1.65
Union Art Squares, size 7 feet 6 inches by 9 feet, worth to-day \$3.50 each, for.....\$2.35
Union Art Squares, size 9x12 feet, worth to-day \$5.50 each, for.....\$3.95
All-Wool Art Squares, size 6x9 feet, worth to-day \$4.75 each, for.....\$3.90
All-wool Art Squares, size 7 feet 6 inches by 9 feet, worth to-day \$6.00 each, for.....\$4.90
All-wool Art Squares, size 9x9 feet, worth to-day \$7.00 each, for.....\$5.00
All-wool Art Squares, size 9 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, worth to-day \$8.00 each, for.....\$6.90
All-wool Art Squares, size 9x12 feet, worth to-day \$9.00 each, for.....\$7.90
All-Wool Art Squares, size 9 feet by 13 feet 6 inches, worth to-day \$10.00 each, for.....\$8.90

B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

"We were only a boy and a girl," she went on, "and we thought we loved each other. He had some queer ideas. He was a—"

"Presbyterian?"

"Oh—no—no. What do you call it?"

"Son of the Revolution?"

"The—Theosophist; yes that's it! He believed that our souls had come across the world to meet each other. He said that his soul would watch over mine through all eternity. Pretty idea, wasn't it?"

"Oh, forget it! Here's to us!"

"There are some of us women who should never marry," she said. "There's nothing domestic about me! I could always ride and row and swim and shoot and— Imagine me loving one man!"

"Can't imagine it, Beauty."

"But he thought so! And once he said that he would follow me through life and death until one day I'd kneel at his feet and tell him that I loved him—that I'd always loved him—through all the sin—the shame—"

"Oh, look here—was he an actor?" said Billy. "Let's talk of something pleasant."

"He was a gentleman," she said.

"He was a damn fool! There's one born every second."

The waiter pulled another cork.

"Funny how we broke up," she said. "I always knew I had a temper, but— He came in one day and found Harley's gloves in my boudoir. We quarreled awfully. He struck me. I took up a marble bust and cut open the side of his face. I thought I'd killed him."

The men looked at each other helplessly.

"Oh, say," said Billy; "suppose we trot along?"

"Then I came to New York," she said; "and New York suits me! Life and love and wine. Billy, don't be cross! Another glass with you? Here's to Bohemia—eeaa—eeaa eaaa! None like us—Billy! Only a few of us left!"

The man laughed with her, and her mood changed again.

"He followed me here," she said; "he came to my place. His face was horribly disfigured—gashed and sewn, and the eye—oh, my God!" She twined her diamonded fingers nervously. The men were listening to her now. Her recital had grown dramatic.

"He begged me to go back to him," she went on, "on his knees—and then he said he would follow me through life and death and eternity until I told him that I loved him, that I had always loved him! Through all the—"

She leaned to the floor for the bottle.

"Empty!" she said. "One more." She nodded to the waiter, almost imperceptibly. "He said— No, let me tell my story!"

"Well, do you love him or do you love us, Beauty?"

"Why, he's dead!" she said. "First, I heard he had shot himself in Australia. Then, do you remember when Harley's yacht went down and Phillips and Sadie Lamareaux and I were saved and Harley and the men lost? A sailor tied me in a sort of life belt and held me up in the water for hours that night until help came; and, as they lifted me into the boat, I turned to look at him in the light of the lantern—and he went down before my eyes. I saw that scar!"

"The sailor was —?"

"I tell you I saw the scar!"

She shuddered and gulped down another glass of champagne. The restaurant was gradually emptying. Only one table of guests remained beside theirs.

"Come, now, Beaut—stop the monologue," said Billy; "you've been talking of corpses all night. It's not like you. I hate these talking skates. It's too much like the Bowery. You'll be weeping in another minute. You've been drinking, too—"

She rose, her eyes blazing, and sent the half-filled carafe over the table directly at his head. He fell on the floor

with blood pouring over his white shirt and waistcoat. The women at the other table screamed. The men came over. The woman sank back in her chair, tears gushing from her eyes.

"Lock that Broadway door, quick?" shouted the manager. "I think she's killed him!" They dashed water in his face and tried to stanch the blood.

"For God's sake, no ambulance!" said the manager.

"No," said Billy's friend, suddenly sobered; "but a doctor and a cab, quickly. I'll take him home."

Through the first beams of blue dawn, through which the lights still gleamed, they carried him, breathing heavily, through a rear door. The remaining guests followed, awed to silence.

The spangled woman sat alone, her head fallen forward over the disordered table. Her jeweled hands were stretched amid the dishes and glasses.

"We must get her out of here," said the manager. "She lives at the Royland, Fifty-ninth street. Hadn't one of you better go up with her in the cab? Those nighthawks will rob her."

"McCabe's outside. He was waitin' for them, expecting to get the fare. He'll take her home and get her in. He's straight. He know's she'll fix it with him to-morrow. He's all right."

"Get him," said the manager.

He shook the woman's arm roughly. She raised her face. It looked bleared and grotesque and horrible in the morning light—but the mouth was still beautiful.

"Brace up and be a lady," said the manager.

The waiter came in with a sleepy cabman. She stared stupidly at him, dazed.

"Come with me," he said, touching her arm gently. She rose unsteadily to her feet, shivering.

The electric light, shining uncannily through the dawn, showed a ghastly white scar across his face.

Town Topics.

FIFTY YEAR OLD AUTO.

At the automobile show in Madison Square Garden, New York, there was exhibited what is probably the oldest automobile now in existence. It rushed through the streets of New York nearly half a century ago. So sturdily was it built that it is in good condition now.

John A. Kingman, an automobile expert, had occasion some time ago to make a study of the history of automobiling, and in the course of his researches found that in the early '50s a man named Dudgeon had built and operated a steam road-carriage somewhere on Long Island. He made inquiries for Dudgeons on Long Island, without success.

He had about given up hope of success when, a few weeks ago, he came across, in the advertising columns of an export paper, the name in which he had become so interested. Moreover, the advertisement was of a mechanical device. Immediately Mr. Kingman wrote to the advertiser asking him if he or any of his family knew of a veteran automobile which formerly frequented the Long Island roads.

He received a highly satisfactory reply. A Dudgeon of his family, since deceased, wrote the living Dudgeon, had constructed such a machine. His cousin, Frank P. Dudgeon, the writer said, could doubtless give the required information as to its whereabouts. Frank P. Dudgeon could, and did, with the result that a trip was made to Locust Valley, L. I., and there, in an old barn, the Dudgeon automobile, or steam road carriage, as it was called, when it scandalized the equine community of Gotham and vicinity, was found.

The old machine is more suggestive of a steam roller in its general build than of one of the light and graceful vehicles that dart around the streets of New York at this end of the century. But for endurance against wear and tear it could probably outlast a score of them. It was brought out, cleaned up, polished, repaired a little and started along the smooth Long Island roadway. To the amazement of all, it showed a speed of more than ten miles an hour, despite its clumsy aspect. Barring a few slight repairs it is the same to-day as when it was built in the early '50s. It is a strange looking contrivance, with heavy wheels and inclined cylinders, probably modeled after the early railroad engines. It is roomy,

and will carry with ease eight or ten persons.

As nearly as can be ascertained, it was first tried on Long Island and afterward run to New York, by its owner. It was probably finished for its first real trial about 1852 or 1853. Then there was a great deal of tinkering to be done in the way of improvements. It is fair to assume that the road wagon was working to the satisfaction of its proprietor by 1857, since he chose that rather unusual style of conveyance for making New Year's calls on January 1 of that year.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. Joseph Jacobs, of Olive street, entertains the card club of which she is a member, on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Baumoel, of 761 Euclid avenue, will be at home to friends on the first and second Sundays in December.

Mrs. Trumann Post Riddle, of 3737 Delmar boulevard, has sent out cards for a tea, on December 8th, from three to five o'clock, in honor of her young daughter, Miss Ethel Marie Riddle, who is a pupil of the Mary Institute.

Miss Grace Gale will give a tea on Monday next, in honor of Mrs. Rust, of Kentucky, who has come to St. Louis to spend the winter, and is located on Maryland avenue. The guests will all be married ladies, and the tea will be a very informal affair.

Mr. Will J. Thornton gave a beautiful dinner at the Southern Hotel, last week, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Townsend Pearson, of Niagara Falls, New York, who had been here for a short time en route to New Orleans. During their stay they were entertained at a number of dinners, and opera parties.

Mrs. James Ghio, of Normandy, will give a euchre party on Dec. 5th, in honor of Miss Ariadne Bowman, who will marry Mr. Andrew Barada this winter. The function will take place at the home of Mrs. Ghio's mother, on Grand avenue. Miss Seymour, a young English girl, who is here visiting friends, having lately returned home from Shanghai, will also be a guest of honor.

The Daughters of the American Revolution were beautifully entertained on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Huntington Smith, of 2621 Locust street. The function was a musicale and a fine programme was rendered during the afternoon. In addition to the large salon parlors, library, etc., Mrs. Huntington Smith threw open to her guests the large gymnasium, which was elaborately decorated in patriotic bunting and flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Wise chaperoned a party of young people, on Monday evening, who witnessed the first production of "When Knighthood was in Flower," by Miss Marlowe. After the performance, they adjourned to the Planters Hotel, where a delicious supper was served. In the party were Misses Jane Green, of Chicago, in whose honor the entertainment was given, Marie Wise, Blanche Wise, Scherer, Messrs. McDowell, Walter Averill, and Dr. Marc Hughes and Charles P. Wise.

Miss Mabel Wood, of 4401 Westminster place, gave a tea, on Saturday afternoon, from three to six o'clock. She was assisted by Misses Grace Semple, Jeanne Wright, Marie Peckham, Lucille Paddock, Ada Davis, Sadie Scudder, Jeanette Morton and Gertrude Parker, who served the raspberry ice, frappe and lemonade. Among those present during the afternoon were Misses Mildred Stickney, Helen Block, Elizabeth Delafield, Adele Armstrong, Eleanor Aull, Louise Little, Mary Shewell, Mabel Blake, Stella Wade, Virginia Cox, Julia Reynolds, Fanita Duncan, Lois Kilpatrick, May Foster, Edith O'Neil, Helen Johnson and Francis Wickman.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Regardless of Expense.—"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a five-cent stamp on a letter for Canada." "I know," she said, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

May We Presume

To give you a Word of Advice? In two or three weeks Christmas will be here—the last week is all rush. You may be disappointed. People are disappointed every year. We are ready with a grand variety of Pictures. NOW is the time to select; put them aside and avoid worry.

Heffernan

Cor. 8th and Locust.

DIAMONDS

Sterling Silver Tableware

AND

HIGH ART GOODS

WE CARRY ONLY THE BEST

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Locust and Seventh Streets.

THE MECHANICS' BANK,
ST. LOUIS.

Capital and Surplus, - = \$1,500,000.00

Personal Accounts Solicited.

Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks Sold.

BALLADE OF THE GOLFING BORE.

Full many beastly bores there be
Abroad upon this spinning sphere,
Who, when afar one fain would flee,
Make dire assault upon the ear;
But this beyond all doubt is clear,
Albeit they mount to triple score,
He is the deadliest and most drear,
The unrelenting golfing bore!

He'll start you off upon the "tee,"
And round the links the course will steer;
Meanwhile the strange trajectory
Of balls "pulled," "sliced," and "topped"
will blear
The circumambient atmosphere
Until you can endure no more,
And wish him in some nether sphere,
The unrelenting golfing bore!

Of much will he discourse with glee,
That unto you is nonsense sheer;
At every other game will he
Make mockery with flout and leer;
His aim in life it would appear,
Is just to beat the "Bogey" score,
And should he—all the town would hear
The unrelenting golfing bore!

ENVOY.

Prince, though you reckon year on year
From the vanished days of yore,
Yet will you fail to find his peer.
The unrelenting golfing bore!

Clinton Scollard, in Life.

It was at a banquet, very well done; and the champagne not only flowed like water, but it was really good. Two Scots were present. They drank rather more of the champagne than any one else, but after dinner, while their neighbors still partook of Pommery and Cliquot, the Elder was heard to say to the Bailie:

"Is it no time, Bailie, we had a drink!"
"A drink?" said the other, "aye, that it is," and pointing to the empty champagne bottles he added: "Bailie, thae French mineral waters are vera lowerin' to the system."

"HUMPHREY'S CORNER."

Custom-Made
Shirts.

You've always paid from
\$3.00 to \$4.00 to have your
shirts made, haven't you?
Don't do it!
Come to us!
We'll make you a
fine Shirts as you
ever owned for.....

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

HUMPHREY'S

Broadway and Pine,
St. Louis.

OWN A HOME.

AN AUTOMOBILE to trade for city property.
STOCK in an Autographic Registry Company
to trade for Poultry Farm.

What have you to Sell, Rent or Exchange?
Let us know.

THE JOHNSON AGENCY,
REAL ESTATE AND LOANS,
6122 BARTMER AVENUE.

Six arrests were made in Toledo within a single recent week for the offence of docking horses' tails. The hearings elicited the fact that so cruel is the process that the owners of the horses are never allowed to witness it. Compulsory attendance upon such scenes of torture by all advocates of docked tails might hasten the end of the barbarous custom.

Fine Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Miss Jane Green, of Chicago, is visiting St. Louis friends.

Miss Genevieve Hebert has returned home from a Southern trip.

Miss Clara Hay, of Belleville, Ill., is the guest of Miss Allen, of 3143 Pine street.

Mrs. P. D. Cheney and Miss Didi Kimball are again at home, after some time spent abroad.

Mrs. Gracia Walton, of Greenville, Miss., is visiting Mrs. R. K. Walker, of 1302 Taylor avenue.

Mrs. J. Taussig and the Misses Taussig, formerly of 4368 Morgan street, are now located at 4365 West Belle.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Meyers, of 4221 Westminster place, have removed to the Westmoreland Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. J. G. Whyte and Misses Louise and Harriet Whyte, who have been all summer abroad, have returned to their home in Kirkwood.

Mrs. D. R. Powell will give the third of her series of Fridays at home, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Garneyck, of New York, to-morrow.

Miss Cecile Hastings, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is the guest of Miss Elina Pilcher, of Cabanne, who gave a tea in her honor last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Elisha Scudder is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Ellis Hallette, of New York, who came on to be present at the debut of her sister, Miss Lucy Scudder.

Mrs. Samuel Hutchcraft and her daughter, Miss Mattie Rankin, who have been for the past six months visiting friends in the city, left on Monday evening to return to their home.

Mrs. Celeste Rose, who has been for the summer months the guest of her mother, Mrs. Celeste Pim, will leave on Saturday, to return to her home in Natchez, Miss., with her children.

The marriage of Miss Julia B. Clements and Mr. William Broyles, of Cripple Creek, took place very quietly on Wednesday, at the home of the mother of the bride, Mrs. Kate E. Clements. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the immediate members of the families, by Rev. Father Bronsgeest. After a short bridal tour the young couple will be at home to friends in Cripple Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. William Nevins Bayless, of Page boulevard, have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Amelia Bullitt Bayless, to Mr. William Hamilton Cline, of Kansas City. The ceremony will take place, Wednesday, Dec. 5th, at the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church, at half past seven in the evening. The young couple will take a short honeymoon tour, and then be at home to friends in Kansas City.

A grand euvre party for the benefit of the poor, to furnish clothing and Christmas baskets for them, will be given at Jefferson Club Hall, Grand Avenue and West Pine boulevard on Wednesday, December 5, at 8 p. m. It will be personally conducted by the patronesses, Mrs. Howard Benoist, Miss Gregory, Miss Papin, Mrs. James Francis and Miss Lindsay. There will be twelve gold prizes, set in jewels, and as many silver trophies, for the victors. The admission fee will be 50 cents.

To-morrow (Friday) evening, the handsome new Recital Hall of the Odeon Building will be thrown open to the public for the first time. The occasion will be a "Reading of Child Verse," by Mrs. Bessie Bown Ricker, with vocal and instrumental interludes by Mrs. James L. Blair, Miss Ione Huse, Mr. George H. Simmons, Mr. Edward Gay Hill, Mr. A. J. Epstein, accompanist. Mrs.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

Schoen's
Orchestra
Latest Popular Music. Phone: Lindell 1220.

EDUARD E. KAUFER,

The Miniaturist,

Has Removed to the Hotel Beers,
Ground Floor.

Ricker's selections will be chiefly from the poems of "Gene" Field and James Whitcomb Riley. The admission, \$1.00, will be for the poor, applied by the Young Ladies' Mission.

The tea given by Mrs. Isaac Morton of No. 49 Vandeventer place, was a most enjoyable event, the function was in honor of Miss Jeanette Morton, who made her debut upon the occasion. The rooms were simply though prettily ornamented with palms and ferns and in the dining room, which was done in pink, the following young ladies presided: Misses May Scott, Elizabeth Winn, of Norfolk, Va., Carroll West, Elizabeth Wyman, Helen Dodd and Georgia Wright. Among the ladies present were: Misses Louise Espenchied, Irene Catlin, Lucy Mathews, Nellie Richards, Mabel Wyman, Edna Fischel, Janet Lee, Bertha Semple, Edna Gamble and Elizabeth Semple.

An engagement, which has just been disclosed, is that of Miss Adele Beatrice Keller and Mr. Pierre Chouteau Scott. The news has only been told as yet to the intimate friends of the young people. Miss Keller is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Keller, the retired capitalist. Mr. Scott is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Scott, and a brother of Miss Maza Scott, whose engagement to Mr. A. Hamilton Woods, of Tenn., was announced about two weeks ago. Mr. Scott is a type the direct opposite to that of his fiance, and the two will make an usually handsome couple. The wedding will take place in January, at the home of the mother of the bride, Mrs. George Keller, of 4464 West Pine.

On Monday evening Miss Carroll West was formally introduced into society, at a pretty cotillion given in her honor by her father, Mr. Thomas H. West, of No. 11 Westmoreland place. The hall was decorated with a drapery of smilax around the mirror and walls of the ball room floor, while the balcony above was filled with a forest of tall palms and ferns, which formed excellent tete-a-tete nooks for tired dancers. Miss West wore a simple, though girlishly pretty toilette of white silk, veiled in white gauze, made with a trimming of plisses of the same material and a low-cut sleeveless bodice. The long table provided for the favors was presided over by a bevy of pretty young matrons: Mesdames Thomas H. West, Jr., Ed Simmons, Howard Benoist and Jim Drummond.

The tea given on Monday afternoon by Mrs. Elisha Scudder, to introduce to her friends her daughter, Miss Lucy Scudder, was one of the most enjoyable of the events of the opening season. The house was prettily decorated with garlands and draperies of wild smilax, interwoven with white roses and chrysanthemums. Mrs. Scudder received her guests in a handsome imported toilette of black Brussels net over black satin. Mrs. Hallette, of New York, Mrs. Scudder's elder daughter, who is now her guest, assisted her mother. She wore a stylish gown of pastel green broadcloth, trimmed with an applique of white. The debutante was girlishly gowned in white Paris muslin, over a slip of silk, and trimmed with lace and ribbon. During the afternoon hours, this gown was worn with a guimp, which was removed in the evening, leaving the gown decollete. In the evening a dance was given by Mrs. Scudder for a number of young people. Both in the afternoon and evening Miss Scudder was assisted by Misses Carrie Cook, Grace Gale, Mabel Holmes, Mary Boyce, Merle Kauffman and Grace Massey. Among the young people present in the evening were, Misses Edna Pilcher, George Walker, of St. Joe, Rena Dula, Carrie Cook, Tempe Belle Daugherty, Amy Townsend, Mary Euston, Helen Noel, Mary Summerville and Josephine Lee; Messrs. Dixon Cook, Leon Gale, Lewis Tunc, John Biggs, William McMillan, John Douglas, Joe Dickson, Julius Walsh, Jr., Will Hudson, Robert Kaime Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gould, Walker Evans and Amadee Reyburn.

One of the prettiest receptions of the week was that given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Lacy Crawford, in honor of Mrs. Frank Roth, lately returned home from Europe, with her husband, Mr. Frank Roth. Mrs. Crawford was gowned in a creation of lavender and white, artistically designed, and trimmed with some fine old lace. Mrs. Roth wore an imported gown of pale blue crepe, which she brought home from Paris. The skirt was made with a slight train, and richly embroidered up the front and sides with flowers and vines, studded with jewels and gold sequins. The bodice was trimmed in the same manner and had also plisses of pale blue chiffon. The ladies without hats were, Mesdames Alfred Bevis, Emmett Meyers, Shelby Bartle, Percival Phelan, Shapleigh Boyd, Misses Grace Massey, Fannie Bartle, Julia Moore, Genevieve Herbert. Among

On BROADWAY, Cor. Locust St.

LAST and GREATEST

of our ante-Holiday

Cash Reduction Sales.

20 per cent (one fifth) Off

For Cash, All This Week,

Of every Article in Our Fine China and Art Salesrooms.

Dinner, Fish and Game Sets—Parian and Italian Marbles, Fine Vases, Jardinieres, Clocks and Music Boxes.

A remarkable opportunity to buy Suitable Christmas Gifts and Save Money.



Parian Marble Bust of Shakespeare, 8 1/2 inches high,

Regular Price \$3.50 This Sale \$2.80

Mermod & Jaccard's, BROADWAY, Corner LOCUST.

Our New Catalogue—3500 Engravings—is Just Out. Write for it—Mailed Free.

the ladies present during the afternoon were Mesdames James Gern, W. G. Boyd, O. H. Peckham, William Stickney, Fred Paramore, Fred Gardiner, Russell Gardiner, Will Gardiner, F. A. Steer, Howard Blossom, Joe Dickson, George Warren Brown, Willi Brown, Hoyt Green, George H. Morgan, F. C. Case, James L. Ford, Elisha Scudder, Amadee V. Reyburn, Jr., Ellis Hallett, Misses Blanche Morgan, Grace Gale, Carrie Cook, Jessie Wright, Mabel Green, Elsie Ford, Lucy Scudder, Alby Watson, Mary Euston, Grace Thompson and Jessie Barnes.

We Are Proud

Of the Beautiful Things we have to Show You—Proud of the Quality—Proud of the Styles.

Dainty Parlor Pieces, Rich Dining Articles, Superior Dressers and Beds

NEVER such Elegant Assortments. (Lowest Prices Always.)

Good Time to Think of CHRISTMAS.

We Have by Far the Assortment Par Excellence.

Vernis Martine Cabinets,
Cheval Mirrors,
Empire Easy Chairs,
Carved Library Tables,
Decorated Music Cabinets,
New Piano Benches,
Cut Glass Cabinets,
Gentlemen's Dressers,
Teakwood Articles,
Fine Curio Tables,
Ladies' Inlaid Desks,
Grand Turkish Chairs,
Gold Reception Chairs,
Fine Costumers,
Dressing Tables,
Beautiful Brass Beds.

Scarritt Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

NEW BOOKS.

"Crittenden, a Kentucky Story of Love and War," by John Fox, Jr., is all that its title indicates. The war referred to is the Hispano-American war for the liberation of Cuba, and the part which the Kentucky Legion, "the first body of volunteers to reach for the hilt," played in that brief but glorious campaign. *Clay Crittenden* and his younger brother, *Basil*, enlist and, inevitably, their negro henchman or clansman, *Bob*, follows "to de wah," for a Kentucky story without the negro is as impossible as a Cuban picture without a palm-tree. *Grafton*, a war correspondent, is another prominent character whose *raison d'être* seems to be to point the moral or to sing the chorus as it is done in the Greek play. *Judith Page*, the heroine, is beloved by *Crittenden*, but her love is of the sisterly kind and the soldier goes to the war. Having secured a commission he uses influence to have it conferred on his brother *Basil*, so that he might receive better treatment than as a private. Mr. Fox, Jr., deserves credit for his description of the storming of San Juan. It isn't fine writing, but certainly reads as if the writer describes what he saw and heard. Now and then he is grotesque: "A young lieutenant was going up the hill with naked sword in one hand and a kodak in the other—taking pictures as he ran. . . . That pitiless fire kept in the trenches the Spaniards who were found there—wretched, pathetic, half-starved little creatures—and some terrible deeds were done in the lust of slaughter. One gaunt fellow thrust a clasp knife into the buttock of a shamming Spaniard, and when he sprang to his feet blew the back of his head off." (!) And so it went, and the two brothers were all but killed, but lived through it all and returned to old Kentucky where the reader will find the result of the lovers' campaign. [Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York Price \$1.25.]

One of the principal reasons why Miss Gertrude Dix can be relied on for a true and faithful rendition of the socialists she writes of in her novel, "The Image Breakers," is that she has been through the mill. In their introduction her publishers state that she has lived in socialistic colonies and experimented with most of the communal ideas discussed in her book. Certainly her report does not indicate that she is at all satisfied with the result of these experiments. *Rosalind Dangerfield*, one of the leading characters in the novel, living in ease and comfort in a town where her husband owns a large factory, is saturated with socialistic ideas, in which her friend, *Leslie Ardent*, also shares. *Mrs. Dangerfield* breaks away from her matrimonial bonds, though she seems to have had a very indulgent husband, and goes to share in the life work of a professional world-betterer, *Justin Ferrar*, who, to the unsocialistic mind, will appear as an unconscionable prig, a selfish hypocrite, who eventually neglects the woman who had sacrificed so much for "the cause." *Leslie*, her maiden friend, is a Socialist of another type. She is earnest in the cause, but loves *Redgold*, a journalist, well enough to share his life while she refuses formally to marry him, because it would involve a sacrifice of her

personal liberty. *Redgold* makes every effort for her and secures her positions as an artist on various publications. There are other characters that come and go in the romance, bringing into high relief the *expose* of one phase of socialism as it exists in England,—and in this country as well—the leveling, communistic phase, which has been tried over and over again in "colony," "college," "co-operative village," and a variety of forms and, almost invariably, has proved a failure. Miss Dix's story is well worth the reading from this point of view. Her pictures of life among the Socialists in England are interesting and she is a keen analyst of character and motives. [Frederick A. Stokes Co., publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.]

In spite of the higher criticism and the attacks of non-Christians and agnostics, there are yet thousands in every community who love and reverence the Bible and believe with the Apostle that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Such a Bible-lover is Mrs. Jennie Anderson Pierson, of St. Louis, author of "Bible Homes and Families," just published by John W. Iliff & Company, Chicago. "Bob" Burdette writes a brief but appreciative introduction. Her book is written for young people—the stories excerpted from the authorized version and generally narrated in the literal text. The Old Testament is not a book to be placed in the hands of young children before they are able to discriminate between what may be read for edification and what requires the expositor and commentator. Mrs. Pierson's book takes the child into the home life of the Bible, the life which it can most easily understand. It is impossible to overestimate the influence of these stories on the minds of the young. The world's history has no nobler characters than those whose ideals have been founded on Bible characters and stories and until various forms of agnosticism, philosophy ("falsely so called") and ethical culture become general, such books and such teaching as Mrs. Pierson's will be in demand for the home and Sunday School. The book is well illustrated and tastefully printed and bound.

The *Blashfields*—Edwin Howland and Evangeline Wilbour—are just the kind of companions one needs in a tour of "Italian Cities." Not only are they at home in the races, the language, the vast wealth of ancient and mediæval art, but what is of greater importance to their readers, they can write entertainingly of what they see. Text books of art are apt to be dry and as uninteresting as manuals of osteology and it is, therefore, pleasant to have as *compagnons du voyage* such well-read, art-loving and artistic writers as these collaborators. "Italian Cities" is not a mere treatise on mediæval art and artists. While the appreciative reader can certainly "suck out no small advantage" from the thoughtful comments of Mr. and Mrs. *Blashfield* on the Madonnas, Bambinos, frescoes, altar-pieces, etc., the specimens of the art of the ages, he will at the same time see through their eyes the Italians of to-day. How different the natives of that picturesque country appear to the sympathetic eyes of cultured and refined tourists one can well imagine after accompanying them through Ravenna, Siena,

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Florence, Parma, in the first volume. The chapter entitled "In Florence with Romola" (Vol. I.) will be thoroughly appreciated by those who have read George Eliot's great novel—as who has not? It will fitly serve as an appendix to future editions of her story. In Florence, with these authors, one finds oneself *en rapport* with Michelangelo, as boy and *maestro*, with Raphael, with Tafi, the magician in mosaic, with Giotto (of the "O"), with Donatello, Michelozzo and the temporarily pious "Fra" Bartolommeo—not forgetting the waggish Buffalmacco and his friend Brunelleschi. One sees Pietro Vanucci (afterwards the illustrious "Perugino") painting altar-curtains with saints and angels modeled after the Florentines of his day, while Ghirlandajo "told sad stories of the death of kings" on the baldacchino draperies for All Souls' Day. In Parma the reader comes face to face, so to speak,

with Correggio and the last chapter of Volume I is a most readable essay on that great master. Volume II takes the reader to Perugia, Cortona, Spoleto, Assisi, Rome and Mantua. In the chapter on Perugia, is included of course, a critical and descriptive account of Perugino, whose masterpieces are to be seen in the frescoes of the Sala del Cambio. At Cortona one has a delightful visit to the cloistered daughters of Santa Margherita, where the white-haired male tourist was admitted for the curious reason that he resembled the "pere eternel de l'école Italienne." What is really a charming monograph on Saint Francis one finds in the chapters on Assisi, and the comparison between Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher and Saint Francis d'Assisi is a thoughtful appreciation of the Italian apostle of Christian cheerfulness. These brief mentions of pleasant readings in the two volumes of

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"Italian Cities" might be continued at length. The lover of art, amateur or professional will be grateful for having his attention directed to them. [Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. 2 Vols. Price \$4.]

No one knows the white and colored folks of Northern Georgia better than Will N. Harben. His stories, appearing in the *Century*, *Lippincott's*, and other magazines have been very favorably received. The issue in book form of ten of these stories under the title of "Northern Georgia Sketches," will, no doubt, secure a wider circle of appreciative readers. There is in each story a reasonableness that is convincing, a pathos that is natural, and a humor that is not forced. Mr. Harben appropriately dedicates the book to Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus." [A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers, Chicago. Price \$1.00.]

"In and Around the Grand Canyon," by Wharton James, is in many respects the most satisfactory work on this theme so far published. Hitherto this, one of the world's most sublime scenes, has been the subject of geologist's reports, a chapter in the book of a Western traveler, or an essay by a chance poet or painter. But Mr. James has undertaken the task *con amore* and with an enthusiasm that inspires the reader and enhances the interest in "the greatest gorge known to man." While in the introductory chapters the author has conscientiously quoted the best things said by eminent writers who have visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River (in each instance "crediting" them,) his own story, his personal experiences, his thrilling adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes, in these regions, form the most interesting portion of his book. His narrative reads like romance, although it bears in every page the impress of truth, and it sounds like a record of foreign travel, while the scenes he describes are within a few days reach from St. Louis. Mr. James has been no *veni-vendi-vici* chronicle either. Year after year he has visited the Grand Canyon spending months at each visit, until he thoroughly familiarized himself with the various trails and grandest features, although it has not been the familiarity that breeds contempt.

The conditions under which he wrote his book give one an idea of his zeal. He says he secured his data "in as many and varied places, almost, as ever book was transcribed on paper. While stopping for a few moments rest in descending trails; in the darkness of the night in the depths of the Canyon; on the driver's seat or inside the jolting stage; stretched on a roll of blankets in a springless wagon; in the midst of a fierce storm on the Painted Desert; shivering, wet through, at night in a side gorge of the Bright Angel Trail; wearied out, waiting for water and a horse after an exhausting three days in Trail Canyon; stretched on the sand with the fierce roar of the demons of the Colorado River in my ear; . . . on foot and horseback, in bed and in cave—anywhere, everywhere, whenever a scene demanded description or a thought suggested written expression, then a part of this book was born." The illustrations—there are one hundred of them including thirty full-page plates,—are superbly done and in all respects worthy of the book. [Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston Price \$3.00]

The stirring period of English history,

when the Dutch prince wrested the throne from his father-in-law, James the Second, is a fertile one for an historical romance. In "The House of Egremont," by Molly Elliott Seawell, the characters prominent in the Revolution are introduced to the reader. The hero, Roger Egremont, makes his debut by throwing a plate of beans in the face of His Highness, the Prince of Orange, who had come to England to reign, and pays for his daring act by four years in Newgate, and the sequestration of the ancestral estate which the King bestows on Hugo, the bastard son, who had become an ardent Whig. In jail Roger falls in love with Bess, the beautiful niece of the turnkey. She loves the aristocratic prisoner, and after educating himself he teaches her to read and write. After his liberation from Newgate Roger goes to the court of St. Germain's, where he becomes one of the ex-King's gentlemen-at-arms. Here also he falls in love with Michelle, the heroine with whose adventures, before and after her marriage with a reigning prince, the romance has much to do. There isn't much plot in "The House of Egremont," but there are many interesting characters and episodes which compensate for the lack thereof. The author appears to be thoroughly *au fait* with the conditions of the era and the roistering life led by the exiles, English, Scotch and Irish, who followed the fortunes of the royal pensioner of the "Grand Monarque." Though James Stuart never "comes to his own again," the hero does, and marries one of the heroines, which one the reader will be pleased to discover. [Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. New York. Price, \$1.50.]

"The Problem of Asia and its Effect upon International Policies" by Capt. A. T. Mahan, L. L. D., U. S. N., is a reprint of articles which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine* and the *North American Review*. Whether read from the stand-point of current events or that of the *doctrine*, Captain Mahon's comments on the laws that govern or appear to govern the comity of nations are singularly apposite. One must read his thoughtful articles on the Asiatic problem to do justice to them and must read them in their entirety to follow the logical sequence of the points he makes, for no abstracts therefrom can be made that will fairly present his conclusions. It will be seen at a glance, however, that the author believes that expansion is a phase of civilization as inevitable, perhaps, as the ebb and flow of the tide. He indicates the important bearing of the Asiatic problem on the United States, especially from the commercial point of view. The strategic importance of the Suez and Panama Canals, are dwelt upon, and the obligations that compel Great Britain to retain her hold on Egypt. Months before the Chinese outbreak, Captain Mahan has this to say: "It is difficult to contemplate with equanimity such a vast mass as the four hundred millions of China . . . equipped with modern appliances, and cooped within a territory already narrow for it." He believes that the Christian tradition, which is the unifying thread of civilization, will reach out to the Asiatics so that, in time, they will "absorb the ideals which, in ourselves, are the result of centuries of Christian increment." He claims that the present estrangement of the races (of civilized and uncivilized) and "ultimate unity to be attained," cannot be regarded from the standpoint of "mere commercial advantages." But these are grains of



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ideas only picked up at random, as it were, from the scholarly and thoughtful essays which deserve and will well repay careful reading. The concluding article is on "The Merits of the Transvaal Dispute." It appeared in the *North American Review*, in March, and was widely commented upon at the time. While much has been said from the anti-British and other more or less prejudiced standpoints, apologetic for the Boer and his reasons for war, nothing so logical and convincing has yet appeared as this defence of the British position in the dispute, all the more convincing that it was written by an Irish-American who is an officer in the United States Navy. [Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price \$2.00.]

LITERARY NOTES.

Judging by the handsome Prospectus just issued, it may be said that the editors have been to "the ends of the earth" in search of fresh material for *The Youth's Companion*, and while celebrated statesmen, scientists, diplomats and story-writers have been found nearer home for other topics, the use of the familiar phrase is especially justified by the notable variety of sketches of travel and adventures which have been procured. The Arctic explorer, F. G. Jackson, the African explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin, and the African explorer, Sir Henry M. Stanley, are prominent in one group of notable contributors.

"True Bear Stories" by Joaquin Miller, is a book for children about two-thirds of which were written by the Poet of the Sierras and one-third by a correspondent of the *San Francisco Examiner*. In Joaquin Miller's chapter on "Monnehan, the Mighty Hunter," one can see how thoroughly ursine the poet can be when he essays the humorous vein. But, no doubt, young folks will find the stories readable.

(Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago. Price \$1.25.)

"Colonial Government" is the title and subject of a new book by Paul S. Reinsch, Assistant Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin. It will be issued in the "Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology," published by the Macmillan Company.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, have just issued the third edition of "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbs. This novel, which has been reviewed in these columns, is considered one of Mrs. Craigie's best. It deals with historic characters of recent date and thus possesses an especial interest to those who like their romance not too antique.

One of the most acceptable of the illustrated editions offered as holiday volumes will surely be found in "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," by Dr. John Fiske, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in two handsomely printed and bound volumes, containing over one hundred illustrations.

Cassell & Co., London and New York, announce the publication of "In the Ice World of Himalaya" by the clever writers and travelers, Fannie Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, already known, by their excellent books on Algeria and Spain.

Prof. Joseph Jastrow is the author of a book on psychology just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., which is made up of his valuable contributions to various magazines. It will prove of great service to psychological students.

Fleming H. Revell Company, N. Y., have issued advanced sheets of "The Siege in Peking, China Against the World," by an Eye Witness, W. A. P. Martin, D. D., LL. D., President of the Chinese Imperial University, etc. It has twenty illustrations.

"Critical Studies: a Set of Essays" by Ouida, noticed editorially in the MIRROR of last week, is published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Limited, New York and London. Price \$2.00.

"The Christmas Angel," Katharine Pyle's charming new book for children, is in its second edition.

MUSIC.

THE SHODDY CONCERT-GOER.

The work of the Spiering Quartet on Wednesday evening, in the Beethoven and Graedener quartets was as well balanced and finished as are always the programmes of these pioneers of chamber music.

There is authority for the belief that the string quartet is the highest embodiment of the composer's art, and that Beethoven brought the form to a degree of perfection never attained before or since his time. It is conceded that this particular body of interpreters is the best to be heard west of New York and Boston, and yet a pitifully small audience assembled to listen to the D minor quartet of Beethoven at the first of the series of concerts to be given this season.

Theodore Spiering has hammered the rock of public indifference in St. Louis for four years, it would seem, with but meager and discouraging reward. It is safe to assert that the mass of musical literature called chamber music is, to our concert-going public, an unopened book, and the fiat seems to have gone forth that it shall so remain.

The Union Musical Club this year extended its patronage to the quartet in the shape of a circular letter soliciting subscriptions. Six of the club members lent their actual presence. Of the profession there were present one singer, four pianists and one violinist. One might almost be pardoned for the conclusion that the mutual support—the *esprit de corps*—of the musical profession in our town is like the purification of politics "an iridescent dream." The fact is, we are still a bit shoddy. We do not—profession or laity—spend our money for great musical works adequately interpreted, but we clamor for high-priced artists. We have the courage not of our convictions, but of the convictions of the Eastern critics; we seem to be lacking in a sense of relative values. We cheerfully pay our dollar to hear an expensive soprano like Nordica in a great choral work, and we quite as cheerfully demolish the climax of the composition because the singer chooses to leave the stage at the wrong time. We are lovers of beautiful voices, of feats of virtuosity, of fashionable musical functions, but lovers of absolute music we are not.

Speaking of beautiful voices brings me to Mr. Sidney P. Biden, who gave a group of Brueckler songs at this concert. I cannot describe this voice without dropping into superlatives. It is glorious—full and rich and of a satisfying quality that gets hold of an audience, and makes it oblivious to possible, artistic defects. Mr. Biden is very young, but his attitude toward his art is both serious and enthusiastic.

FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

Mrs. Zeisler exhibited both extremes of piano playing in her recital for the Union Musical last Saturday. Anything more perfectly conceived and executed than the Chopin "Mazurka" is beyond human ken. Her interpretation of this number would satisfy the most fanatic Chopin-lover. It was the Chopin spirit floating over the keys, touch, tone, style, all perfection. But, alas, when the lady began the group of etudes, the spirit fled. She played them like a school-girl—quite as badly as that—at a frantic pace and missed as many notes as she struck. Why Mrs. Zeisler selected these unplayable studies is a mystery, as they are entirely unsuited to a concert pro-

gramme, and, unless well played, are most unattractive. She made a sad mess of the last one, the indistinct left hand runs being further blurred by the damper pedal, which she used like the veriest tyro.

These numbers were the extremes; in the remainder of the programme she was, generally speaking, excellent. One might quarrel with her "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" after hearing Paderewski's playing of it, and her "Berceuse" does not approach Sauer's performance, while her free-and-easy changes of tempo in the beginning of the "Erl-King" were something of a shock, but she brought the old war-horse to a fine finish. The Beethoven sonata was cleanly, respectfully, beautifully played—a Beethoven specialist could not have done it better. The "Valse" of Chopin was fine, the "Caprice Espagnol" of Moszkowski, amazing, and the Grieg "Ballade" with variations, extremely interesting.

Mr. Kroeger's fine, strong "Fantasie-Polonoise" was given with swing and dash; the first was taken too fast for dignity and with too much pedal for absolute clarity, but the middle part was exquisitely played.

The programme, as a programme, left much to be desired. It was made up largely of popular "pieces," played over and over again until they have become so threadbare that no amount of polishing or brushing can make them effective. The only novelty, comparatively speaking, was the Grieg number and Kroeger's "Polonoise." I suspect that the Madame got the programme up in a hurry and selected pieces that required little working up—anything will do for St. Louis, you know.

CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

If the enthusiasm of chorus and conductor may be taken as a criterion, Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," to be given, for the first time in St. Louis, by the Choral Symphony Society this evening, must be a remarkably interesting and attractive work. The Cantata was inspired by Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and its production in London, in 1898, brought sudden fame to its composer, a young Anglo-African scarcely twenty-three years old.

Evan Williams sings the solo part in the new work and, in addition, sings an aria from "Oberon."

The Orchestra plays a Berlioz Overture, and the "Sylvia" Ballet Music of Delibes. This concert inaugurates the twenty-first season of the society in fine style and the programme for the second concert with Schumann-Heink as soloist, promises to be fully as attractive as that to be heard this evening.

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

A chorus by Hegar entitled "Egyptian Desert March" was the Apollo Club's "big" number at the concert Tuesday evening. It abounds in difficulties, but the boys sang it capitably, with great variety of shading and fine vigorous climaxes. As the title suggests the music is wild and Oriental in character and on the descriptive order—the Apollos are giving to selecting descriptive choruses—and the interpretation was quite full of realism. The poem, if it can be so called, is a stupid formless sort of a thing, but the musical setting is elaborate, colorful and strong. Schumann's exquisite "Traumerel" melody set to words and arranged as a part song was another novelty. The first tenors were on thin ice in the high pianis-

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ismo passages but got through without mishap.

The arrangement of the jolly "Stein Song" with which the concert opened, is quite an ingenious affair. It is a four-part chorus, each part having a melody, and the whole being cleverly amalgamated. "Evening Bells," by Kratz, completed the club's work.

In addition to the four numbers by the club, Mr. Fritz Kreisler contributed some violin solos, and Mr. Leo Liebermann entertained vocally.

Kreisler is an Austrian violinist, and was heard here when a mere boy, some ten years ago, in company with Rosenthal. He has a beautiful tone, and is a finished executant, and pleased the large, modish audience immensely. Mr. Kreisler was obliged to play two additional numbers to satisfy his hearers, and stirred up a whirl of enthusiasm by playing Handel's "Largo" to Robyn's organ accompaniment.

Mr. Liebermann is a Boston tenor, with a smooth, agreeable, lyric voice which sounds as though it would be stronger if he brought it further forward. The character of the voice is hardly suited to the prize song from "The Meistersinger," but well adapted to the pretty song by Rogers which followed. The young tenor did some good work in the songs in the second part and sang the time-honored, but very agreeable "I'll sing the song of Araby" in response to much hard clapping.

The concert as a whole was bright, pretty and well performed—quite up to the Apollo standard.

A. C. W.

"MARTHA."

The change of bill at Music Hall, from Meyerbeer to Flotow, was a welcome one to the musically-inclined patrons of the Castle Square Opera Company and, to judge from the *esprit* with which they sang the bright music of "Martha," to the members of the company likewise. The enhanced attendance not only of the first night, but since, is another indication of the greater popularity of the lighter music and the preference for melodic comedy. As *Martha*, Miss Adelaide Norwood sang in a style and manner that

thoroughly satisfied the large and appreciative audience, which assumed a substantial form when she sang the beautiful, old ballad "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer," which was enthusiastically encored—the prima donna receiving an ovation and several handsome bouquets. Mr. Miro Delamotta, in the role of *Lionel*, fairly filled the requirements, and he received a good share of the applause. As *Nancy*, Miss Lambert was pleasing, her vibrant voice winning its way to the hearts of the audience. It would be difficult to imagine a better rendition of *Plunkett* than that made by Mr. W. H. Clarke, whose bravura numbers, especially the bacchanalian song for the basso in the fourth act, were splendidly done. In the character of *Tristan*, Mr. Knight was satisfactory, and the *Sheriff* was ably presented by Mr. Coombs. The chorus was in fine fettle, and received recognition several times, especially at the end of the fourth act. In the fair scene there was a genuine fair, with more realism than is often exhibited on the stage. The scenery, costumes, and effects of the opera are all in the usual style of excellence with which the Castle Square management present their works. There will be a holiday matinee to-day (Thursday), at popular prices and, undoubtedly, a large audience will take advantage thereof.

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AT THE PLAY.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At the Century, next Sunday evening, the comedy "All on Account of Eliza" will be presented for the first time in St. Louis. Louis Mann and Clara Lipman are the stars in the piece, which is pronounced one of the great successes of the season.

"When We Were Twenty-One," Henry V. Esmond's comedy, will be the bill at the Olympic for the week beginning next Monday, December 3. Mr. N. C. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott being in the leading roles. The play was written for them and has been greatly praised by the Eastern critics.

For Thanksgiving and the two following days the patrons of the Standard will continue to enjoy the programme of fun and music, of joke and dance, as provided by the Royal Burlesquers. At the matinee next Sunday, December 2, Sam Devere's Own Company will take the stage with one of the most attractive vaudeville performances ever seen at this house.

At the matinee next Sunday afternoon the company of players organized and directed by Manager R. L. Giffen will present to the theatre-goers of St. Louis, at the Imperial, the celebrated play "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare. It will be notable as the first performance of a Shakesperian drama by the Imperial Stock Company.

At the next Sunday afternoon Concert at the Odeon, Mr. Alfred Robyn will produce the Cantata, "The Holy City," by Gaul and will be assisted by the full surplised choir of the Church of the Holy Communion and a prominent quartette. This is the work that Mr. Robyn intended to conduct at the Musical Festival, and will undoubtedly be the most interesting of all concerts.

Society stationery, in all the new tint's with monograms and crests stamped free, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

A STORY OF LEIGH HUNT.

Mr. George Smith, of Smith, Elder, & Co., contributes to the *Cornhill* an all too brief instalment of reminiscences under the title of "In the Early Forties." What a happy time the reviewer would have if all voluminous autobiographers would confine themselves to such gems of reminiscence as the following about Leigh Hunt:

I had to pay him a sum of money, £100 or £200, and I wrote him a cheque for the amount. "Well," he said, "what am I to do with this little bit of paper?" I told him that if he presented it at the bank they would pay him cash for it, but, I added, "I will save you that trouble." I sent to the bank and cashed the cheque for him. He took the notes away carefully enclosed in an envelope. Two days afterwards Leigh Hunt came in a state of great agitation to tell me that his wife had burned them. He had thrown the envelope with the bank notes inside carelessly down and his wife had flung it into the fire. Leigh Hunt's agitation while on his way to bring this news had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. I told him I thought something might be done in the matter; I sent to the bankers and got the numbers of the notes, and then in company with Leigh Hunt went off to the Bank of England. I explained our business and we were shown into a room where three old gentlemen were sitting at tables. They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid

officials, and addressing him, said in wondering tones, "And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day, and never see the green woods and the trees and flowers and the charming country?" Then in tones of remonstrance he demanded, "Are you contented with such a life?" All this time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure. I fancy I can still see the astonished faces of the three officials; they would have made a most delightful picture. I said, "Come away, Mr. Hunt, these gentlemen are very busy." I succeeded in carrying Leigh Hunt off, and after entering into certain formalities we were told that the value of the notes would be paid in twelve months. I gave Leigh Hunt the money at once, and he went away rejoicing.

Diamonds and precious stones remounted in our own factory. Designs and estimates furnished and satisfaction guaranteed. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust street.

HOW TO OPEN A BOOK.

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back of the book.

"A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding, just brought from the bindery, ready to be sent home; he, before my eyes, took hold of the volume and tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the center and exclaimed: 'How beautifully your bindings open!' I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume and it had to be rebound."—*Modern Book Binding.*

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cu glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Building, Seventh and Locust streets.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Master—"Yes, boys, 'Honesty is the best policy.' It will surely bring its reward. I am glad we have a good example of honesty among your own number. William Williams, stand up."

W. W. rises.

Master—"Now, William, when I was coming to school this morning I happened to drop a shilling out of my pocket without the slightest knowledge of the fact, and you, like an honest boy, returned it to me. Tell the boys what prompted you to do such an act when you might have kept it for yourself."

W. W.—"Please, I thought it was a bad un."

Wedding Invitations—Finest engravings, best material, correct in form. Mermod & Jaccard's, Society Stationers, Broadway and Locust.



Christmas is approaching, and it is time to commence thinking about X-mas Presents.

Remember that there are no more Refined, Elegant and Lasting Presents than those found in an Optical Store.

We should like to have you call and permit us to assist you in making a selection.

ERKER BROS. OPTICAL CO., 608 OLIVE STREET
Opp. Barr's

H&K COFFEE

JAVA AND MOCHA

THREE POUND AIR TIGHT CAN \$1

H&K BRAND
Java and Mocha
COFFEE
Manufactured by H&K Coffee Co., St. Louis

A PROLIFIC COUPLE.

In the Harleian manuscript—numbers 978 and 980—in the library of the British Museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives), who were the father and mother of sixty-two children. The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys (exactly how many of each sex is not known,) for the record mentions the fact that forty-six of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grown-up women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1630, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certyne gentleman of large estaytes" rode "thirty-and-three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentleman" took ten each. The remaining members of the extraordinary family were brought up by the parents. "Landed gentlemen" are not now so fond of collecting boys; all their time is required for collecting rents.

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.

Superfluous HAIR ABSOLUTELY REMOVED

DERMATINA never fails. It is simple, harmless and effective. It removes the hair permanently, leaving the skin without a blemish. No matter how many remedies or electric apparatus have failed, try Dermatina; it will do the work. Endorsed by the Medical Profession. Regular price \$1.00. Send for free sample. **DERMATINA Chemical Co.** 1805 Market Street, St. Louis.



Grow 20 Years Younger in One Year!

He Used Mrs. Graham's Cactico Hair Grower TO MAKE HIS HAIR GROW, AND Quick Hair Restorer TO RESTORE THE COLOR.

Both guaranteed harmless as water. Sold by best Druggists or sent in plain sealed wrapper by express, prepaid. Price, \$1.00 each. Send for FREE BOOK: "A Confidential Chat with Bald Headed, Thin Haired and Gray Haired Men and Women." Good Agents wanted. Mrs. GERVASE GRAHAM, 1274 Michigan Ave., Chicago. For sale by leading druggists everywhere. MEYER BROS. DRUG CO., Wholesale, St. Louis.

THE STOCK MARKET.

While the bull forces are still confident and very active, signs of an approaching reaction are multiplying. The bears are preparing to resume the aggressive and looking for vulnerable spots. They very wisely concentrate their attacks, for the time being at least, on the industrial list, particularly the steel stocks, in which the long interest has become unwieldy and top-heavy. There are persistent rumors that our old friend, John W. Gates, is again manipulating American Steel & Wire and other stocks of this kind, and trying to bring about a good-sized decline. While he is vigorously denying the allegations, and even professing to be very optimistic about the future of the iron and steel industry, the wise guys in Wall street are smiling in a knowing way, and telling everybody, in a confidential manner, that John is once more at his old tricks. Whatever the facts may be, it cannot be questioned that the steel stocks are acting in a very suspicious manner and lacking organized support. Some of the selling in the last few days has undoubtedly been for the account of insiders, who are perfectly aware that prices are high enough and that it will not take much to bring about a startling break. The weakest features were American Steel & Wire common and Tennessee Coal & Iron; the former dropped from 52 to 43½, while the latter tumbled from 79½ to 71. Federal Steel common and National Steel common have, so far, declined only a few points, but they also are wavering and suffering from heavy liquidation.

Another industrial issue that displayed marked weakness was U. S. Rubber. The preferred stock, which sold at 99½, two days after the election, can now be bought at around 87, while the common depreciated about 11 points, dropping from 39 to 28. There is a good deal of conjecture about the cause of the depreciation in the value of these shares, but nothing of a reliable nature seems to be obtainable. The preferred stock has been a regular dividend-payer since 1893, and been on an 8 per cent. basis since 1898, the last quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. having been declared a few weeks ago. The common stock did not receive anything since last April. The highest price for the preferred, during the wild bull campaign of 1899, was 123, and for the common 57. It is believed that the company's earning capacity is being seriously impaired by rapidly growing competition, and that there will soon be a reduction of the dividend on the preferred shares. Friends of the company assert that the late decline formed the prelude for a sharp rise in the near future, and are, therefore, recommending purchases at ruling prices, especially of the common stock, which has always been under manipulative influence.

The weakness in the industrial group interfered, to some extent, with bull plans in railroad shares, as it chilled the public and restricted buying. A good many weak holdings were thrown overboard, the consequences being a decline averaging from 3 to 5 points in various leading stocks, the sharpest reaction occurring in Northern Pacific common and preferred, which dropped from 74½ to 69¾ and from 86¾ to 81¼, respectively. The romantic stories of a consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific have, it seems, vanished into thin air, as expected, and it is at last dawning upon the befogged mind of the

lamb that he has once more been bamboozled by a disreputable clique of stock-jobbers.

The persistent strength of St. Paul, Union Pacific, Southern Railway preferred and a few other international stocks is to be explained by the extensive short interest in the London market. As has been frequently stated in the MIRROR of late, the Britishers sold too many "calls" before the election, in anticipation of a slump, and had to pay dearly for their indiscretion. After the short sales have all been covered, a reactionary tendency will promptly assert itself, as the late rise has been too rapid and too sharp to last. The bears are well aware of this and selling stocks at every rally, at least for a turn of a few points. While there are some railroad stocks on the list that cannot be regarded as dear, even at ruling prices, there are also a good many that are selling away above their intrinsic value and, therefore, entitled to a decisive set-back.

According to the *Financial Chronicle*, the returns of railroad gross earnings, for the month of November, are not showing any appreciable gains over the corresponding weeks of the same month last year. Thus, for the first week of November, sixty-five roads show aggregate earnings of \$9,619,000, for 1900, compared with \$9,609,300 for 1899, while for the second week of November, the respective figures are \$9,880,000 and \$9,878,000. All the leading roads running through or connecting with the spring-wheat sections of the Northwest are sustaining quite considerable losses, just as could be foreseen some months ago. The earnings of the St. Paul Railway Co., for the second week of November, show a decrease of \$82,332, while the loss for the first week is \$142,538. The Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific report similar losses, in spite of the fact that the latter company is now operating 322 miles more of road.

Conservative financial authorities are, as a rule, warning against over-speculation and too much enthusiasm in the stock market. Thus the *United States Investor* says: "The fact of importance is this: that no boom was ever kept within proper limits. It is for the interests of those who promote the boom that it should not be. It is their aim to make their 'pile' at one dash, but it is never possible to make money with great rapidity by selling things at what may be called their normal value. Hence there never was a boom when prices were not pushed a good deal in advance of the figures stocks would be worth in final hands. If that point has not yet been reached (though we believe it has been,) it will be reached eventually, and all unbeknown to the mass of people engaged in stock market manipulation. To be quite frank, these are perilous times to ninety-nine out of every hundred men now operating in securities."

Atchison preferred and common gave a good account of themselves, the former rising to 85 and the latter to 41. There is still a belief in some bull quarters that the directors, at their meeting in December, will declare a dividend on the common stock, but, judging by the expressions of people close to insiders, nothing will be forthcoming till next June. While the earnings of the company are large and would justify a dividend of at least 2 per cent., the directors will undoubtedly consider it more prudent and business-like to accumulate a handsome surplus, so as to provide against all future unfavorable contingencies. If

CHORAL-SYMPHONY SOCIETY

SEASON 1900-1901.

FIRST GRAND POPULAR CHORAL CONCERT,
Thanksgiving Night, Nov. 29th, 8 o'clock sharp, at the ODEON.
"HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST,"

SOLOIST, MR. EVAN WILLIAMS, Tenor.

The Symphony Orchestra of 55 Musicians,

Under the direction of PROF. ALFRED ERNST.

GRAND CHORUS OF 250 SELECTED VOICES.

Sale of Single Tickets at Bollman's.

Prices: Parquet, \$1.50; Balcony, first two rows, \$1.00; Balcony, remainder, 75c.

MUSIC HALL, CASTLE SQUARE
OPERA CO.

THIS WEEK—FLOTOW'S GREAT WORK,

Martha

The Phenomenal cast: Adelaide Norwood, Maud Lambert, Gertrude Rennyson, Frances Graham, Marion Harden, Barron Berthold, W. E. Wegener, Miro Delamotta.

Next Week—
SOUSA'S "EL CAPITAN."

Greatest Effort,

Maud Lillian Berri, Gertrude Quinlan, Blanche Chapman, Wm. Pruette, Reginald Roberts, Frank Moulton, J. W. Hinchshaw, J. P. Boyle, E. Clark, Chas. Meyers, and others.

THANKSGIVING and Saturday Matinees at 2. Prices, 25, 50 and 75 Cents.
Evening Prices, 25c to \$1.00—No higher.

THE STANDARD.

Night at 8.

The Vaudeville House of the West.

Matinee every day at 2

THIS WEEK

CLARK BROTHERS'

Royal Burlesquers.

NEXT WEEK

SAM DEVERE'S OWN COMPANY.

IMPERIAL

The Imperial Theater Stock Company,
Direction of R.L. Giffen, in

THIS WEEK

NEXT WEEK

Hoodman
BlindROMEO
AND
JULIET

Matinees Sunday, Thursday and Saturday.

ODEON

Grand and Finney Avenues.

Sunday Popular Concerts

and Recitals on the

GREAT ORGAN,

Under the direction of ALFRED G. ROBYN
Assisted by the best Local Talent.

Every Sunday Afternoon at 3:30

Entire change of programme at each concert.
Admission to all parts of house, 25 cents.

they should adopt a conservative attitude of this kind, the reputation of the securities will be enhanced and people will be more willing to put their money into them. The common and preferred are destined to sell at higher prices before next spring, and should be picked up at every decline of several points. Other deserving stocks are Missouri Pacific, Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western common and Southern Ry. preferred and common. Chesapeake & Ohio and Norfolk & W. common may be expected to sell in the 50s next year. Southern Ry. preferred will soon be placed on a 4 per cent. dividend-basis, which

CENTURY

THIS WEEK.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Mr. William
Collier

in his great success

ON THE
QUIET.Mats. Wednesday,
Thursday and
Saturday.Louis Mann
and
Clara Lipman
in their new comedy"All on
Account
of Eliza."

Wed. and Sat. Mats.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK.

NEXT MONDAY

Julia Marlowe
in her new playWhen
Knight-
hood was
in Flower.Mats. Thursday and
Saturday.Mr. N. C. Good-
win and Miss]
Maxine ElliottIN
When we
Were
Twenty-OneMats. Wednesday
and Saturday.

St. Louis Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

Temporary Offices: N. E. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets.

THOS. H. WEST, President.
HENRY C. HAARSTICK, Vice-Pres't.
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JOHN D. FILLEY, Secretary.
ALLEN T. WEST, Ass't Secretary.
A. C. STEWART, Counsel.
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RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" Str'g 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 4	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3.65	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 3.65	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	105 -107
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1913	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	97 -100
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	99 -101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	95 -99
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1919	107 -108
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1930	113 -115
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1921	115 -117
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1927	95 1/2 - 96 1/2
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1914	100 1/2 - 100 3/4
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1910	87 - 90
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1912	90 - 95
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1901	100 -102
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1908	75 - 85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	204 -206
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	183 -188
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	178 -180
Fourth National	100	May '00, 5 p.c. SA	209 -210
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	July 00, 3 p.c. SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	215 -222
Merch. Laclede	100	Sept. 1903, 1 1/2 qy	158 -162
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	261 -264
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	158 -162
Third National	100	Oct. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	155 -156

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	154 -156
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	303 -306
St. Louis	100	Oct. '00, 1 1/2 qy	231 -238
Union	100	Nov. '00, 1 1/2 qy	231 -234
Mercantile	100	Oct. '00 Mo 75c.	260 -265

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens	Oct. '93 4	100 -
20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	100 -
10s 5s	M. & N.	1905 105 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 1/2 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -117 1/2
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -126
People's	Dec. '89 50c	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 -
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
St. Louis	Apr 00 1 1/4 SA	130 -150
do 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.	J. & J.	1913 68 -90
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 -105
do Cable & Wl. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 1/2 -116 1/2
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1914 95 -97
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 106 -109
do 2d 25s 6s	M. & N.	1909 109 -111
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct '00 1 1/4	62 1/2 - 63 1/2
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	84 - 84 1/2
St. Louis Transit.	J & J	18 1/2 - 19 1/2

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	41 1/2 - 43

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qy	8 - 9
" Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qy	39 - 40
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1900 1/2	26 - 21
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	67 - 68
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre P. C	100	May '96, 2	3 - 4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO.	125 -132
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 - 11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Granite Bl. Metal	100	July, '97, 1	247 -282
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85 - 96
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '89, 1	45 - 49
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10.	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA.	71 - 72
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June '99 SA.	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	"	51 1/2 - 52 1/2
Mo. Edison com.	100	"	18 - 18 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July '00, qy 1 1/2	180 - 90
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	147 -162
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	142 -151
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Sept. 1900	142 -151
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2 qy	13 1/2 - 14 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	47 - 48
St. L. Brew. Com	100	Jan., '98, 3 p. c.	43 - 44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 2	30 - 34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Sept. '96, 2	2 - 3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 - 69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Per. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	185 -187

WHITAKER & HODGMAN,
Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

should make it worth 75; the common, while somewhat unpopular, may be bought for 25. Purchases, however, as above intimated, should be made only on declines; it would be more than foolish to buy on bulges.

The feeling in financial circles abroad is apprehensive and pessimistic. Speculative markets in London, Berlin and Paris are stagnant and depressed, and there is no reason to hope for any improvement in the near future.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Bank and Trust Co. shares absorbed the principal attention of local traders in the past week. The investment demand for these issues is very strong, even at present advanced prices. Third National made a new high record, selling at 154. National Bank of Commerce was likewise strong and in good demand, and is now 260 bid, 264 asked. American Exchange is 204 bid, and closely held. Among the Trust Co. issues, Lincoln and Mississippi have been the most popular of late; 155 is now asked for Lincoln and 306 for Mississippi.

Street Railway issues have been a little weaker and neglected. Declines were not important, however. St. Louis Transit is now 18 1/2 bid and 19 1/4 asked, while United Railways preferred is 63 3/8 bid. The 4 per cent general mortgage bonds are 84 bid. St. Louis & Suburban issues show little change, and are well held. The 5 per cent bonds are quoted at 104 1/2 bid.

Business at the local banks is still very heavy and active. Money is in good demand at from 5 to 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is 4.35 3/4; Berlin 95 1/4, and Paris 5.17 1/4.

ALTENHEIM.

To help to raise the sum of \$45,000 for the endowment of a Home for Old People—the St. Louis Altenheim—the executive committee have decided to hold a Christmas bazaar. The dates fixed, from December 5 to 11, inclusive, will afford many patrons the opportunity of selecting Christmas presents for their friends, and, at the same time, of assisting in a very worthy cause. The Fair will be given in the Liederkranz Hall, Thirteenth street and Chouteau avenue. As the leaders in German social circles are taking a very active part in this entertainment the indications are that it will be a very popular and successful affair.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

A POISON-PROOF MAN.

An American named Captain Vetro, who is at present in Berlin, appears to possess a constitution and digestive power of such a curious nature as to be able to consume with apparent avidity as much poison as he likes without suffering any inconvenience or harm whatever. Lately, he gave an exhibition of his powers before a select audience. There were present only government officials and doctors.

The show took the form of a dinner, and the dishes set before Captain Vetro consisted of a plate of verdigris, a quantity of ultramarine, and a mixture of sulphur and borax.

The drinks consisted of a solution of strychnine, a bottle of patent rat-killer, made of pulverized glass, arsenic, and atrophine. Dessert was also provided in the shape of a large piece of white sulphur.

The American poison-eater found out his capabilities in this direction quite by chance. Some years ago he was living in a French pension, where some poison had got into his food, and he was the only one not affected thereby. Being a smart man, he determined to make capital out of his discovery, and proceeded to train himself to such a pitch of excellence as to be able to eat or drink any amount of the most virulent of poisons.

The officials and doctors expressed the opinion that the whole affair was perfectly genuine, and explained the phenomenon by the proverb that habit is second nature.

BOSTON & ALBANY LEASED BY
NEW YORK CENTRAL.

The Boston & Albany Railroad having been leased to the New York Central, the mileage of the Albany road will now be added to that of the New York Central, and hereafter a thousand mile ticket of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad will be good on the Boston & Albany Railroad. This will prove a great convenience to the traveling public who desire to reach points in Massachusetts on or reached via the Boston & Albany, including, of course, Boston.

The holder of a New York Central thousand mile ticket will now have the privilege of riding over lines aggregating more than 6,000 miles of railroad on a ticket costing only two cents per mile, good for the person presenting it and good until used.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus, \$6,500,000.

4% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

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WORLD OF WOMAN.

What is the kangaroo walk? is the question that comes from many persons who live outside the city. It is a series of absurd contortions practiced by young women who are devoid of brains or common sense. They lean very far forward, swing their arms, and take long steps not unlike the hops made familiar to the public by the animal that is exhibited by every well-conducted menagerie and zoo.

So far, the new style of gait is limited to the few foolish maidens who enjoy making themselves conspicuous, and it will never become really prevalent, because the women of fashion are nowadays trained to walk scientifically.

Thirty years ago the Grecian bend was the horror of all who admired the human form divine. Women wore a hump on their backs, and they bent forward and minced along in a manner that would have amused an ape.

The Grecian bend accompanied many exaggerations of dress and coiffure, and it was the final absurdity that made persons strive for much-needed reforms.

It was possible for the fashion to become popular because, at that time, little attention was paid to the art and science of beauty. Physical training and æsthetic philosophies were not studied then, and there was little individuality in dress. Each season had its distinguishing style, and every one followed it.

The evolution of true ideals has made it impossible for artificial and nonsensical modes to be considered good form. The fashions will always be caricatured by a certain class of women, the women whose dress denotes their mental and moral decadence.

There is only one way to walk, and that is the right way, the way in which nature designed men to move. There is nothing in the world more graceful than the free gait of a child. It is the poetry of motion. Persons who walk properly have the body perfectly balanced. They walk with the straight foot, for the day when "toes out" was the proper injunction has passed. The straight foot is now demanded at West Point, where the "plebs" have to practice walking on a straight line, and it has long been the rule in the German army.

When the body is in the proper poise, the ear, the shoulder, and the hip are on a line. The chest is held up and the diaphragm expanded to its full extent. This puts the lower ribs almost on a vertical line with the toes and throws in the abdomen. Having attained the right position, it is necessary to remember that walking is a series of falls, and that the upper part of the body should move forward before the feet. The body should not sway either to the right or left in walking. It should be held firmly, but all stiffness should be avoided. In stepping the movement should be from the hips, and the ball of the foot should touch the ground slightly in advance of the heel. It is nonsense to try to walk by putting down the toes first, for the movements thus acquired are far from correct.

John Strange Winter believes in early marriages—provided, of course, that the girl marries the right man. "I think," she says, "that everything tells for an early marriage, and nothing can be reasonably urged against it. I think that when a girl marries young, that is, from eighteen to twenty-five, according to her temperament

and her opportunities, and always supposing that she marries a husband whose age is reasonably contemporary with her own, she has a better chance of bringing healthy children into the world. If she waits eight or ten years, she will marry a man eight or ten years older than the husband she would have chosen in her youth. She gives up, it is true, a few pleasures, or stay—she may have to give up a few pleasures, for what does the modern girl enjoy that the modern young married woman is shut out from? She takes certain responsibilities upon herself. After all, they are natural responsibilities, and will come no easier to her in ten years' time; quite otherwise. Then there is another argument in favor of early marriage; it is that mother and children will be young together."

It may be some satisfaction to ladies whose locks are ruddy to learn that many of the most lovely women in history had hair which envy called "red." Cleopatra, who enslaved Antony, and set a thousand hearts aflame, and Helen of Troy, the type of classical beauty, were red-haired; and Aspasia, Phryne and Xantippe sailed in stately beauty under the same color. Queen Bess had hair which only flatterers called auburn, and so had Catherine of Russia, Anne of Austria, and those queens of society and beauty, Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. Récamier.

The cosmopolitan tastes of some folk are limitless. Mr. Max O'Rell, for instance, says that if polygamy were permissible he would make love to an English woman, have his house kept by a German frau, entrust his artistic inclinations to a Frenchwoman, and his intellectual ditto to an American lady. Then, when he wanted his blood stirred up, he would give his Spanish wife a look in. The physical apportionment of favors in this heterogenous arrangement would doubtless adjust themselves in the case of a "family jar" somewhat thusly. His optics would be efficiently "painted" by his English wife, while the German lady would manipulate his hair. The Frenchwoman might hang on to his whiskers, and the American Amazon seek sweet solace by biting off his right ear. What was left of him would naturally fall to the Spanish virago, who would stir his blood by dancing the fandango on his chest.

ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS.

Mr. C. R. Ashbee, M. A., (King's College, Cambridge,) Director of the Guild and School of Handicraft, Essex House, London, will deliver an illustrated lecture on "William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites" before the members of the Saint Louis Museum of Fine Arts, in Memorial Hall, to-morrow, Friday evening, November 30. Mr. Ashbee is the man who bought the famous Kelmscott Press establishment after the demise of William Morris, and is the greatest living leader in the movement for the beautifying of life and the softening of the curse of toil by making it pleasurable and expressive of the best in individuality. He is a brilliant expositor of his views on the efficacy of his ideas in promoting the spiritual welfare as well as the artistic enjoyment of the people. The committee on exhibition will give a reception at the close of the lecture. A collection of the work of Mr. Eric Pape will be on view.

Best watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry.

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Peculiar Situation

St. Louis is peculiarly situated, from a business standpoint. The great southwest is almost exclusively the market for our goods. But many of our firms, especially in the past five years, have done what Easterners once said was impossible—*Successfully invaded the Eastern market.* Ralston Breakfast Food, Blanke's Coffees and Majestic Ranges have the highest reputation in their lines in the East. We helped make the plans to carry them into the East—possibly we can help you

Our business is to help St. Louis firms extend their business—our services are paid for by the publisher, the printer and the engraver, who get most of the original investment in advertising. You get it all back, and more, from the consumer of your goods—if the plan is right. - - - - -

The H. E. Lesan Company

Advertising

Continental Bank Building ST. LOUIS

An Irish Chief Baron, who had before him a candidate charged with sheep-stealing, asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. "Sure, my lord, didn't meself and me father and me grandfather all vote for your lordship when ye put up for Tipperary? And, begorra, didn't we carry your lordship to the head of the poll?" The judge looked kindly at the prisoner, and albeit the evidence was all the other way, summed up strongly in his favor. The jury recognized

the state of affairs, and the foreman said: "Well, my lord, I suppose we must not call him guilty, but there'll not be a sheep left in the county at all, at all." To which the Chief Baron replied: "Ah, never mind, gentlemen, never mind the mutton; acquit him and ate beef," and the sheep-stealer left the court a free man.

Artistic Cut Glass—Mermod & Jaccard's.

REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

"WE TWO."

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them, wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume,
Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.
Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring;
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle and sleepily swing.
We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lieth,
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.
—Jean Ingelow.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the King stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen."
—Tennyson.

AT SUNDOWN.

Far more than all I dared to dream,
Unsought before my door I see;
On wings of fire and steeds of steam
The world's great wonders come to me,
And holier signs, unmarked before,
Of love to seek and power to save,—
The righting of the wronged and poor,
The man evolving from the slave;
And life, no longer chance or fate,
Safe in the gracious Fatherhood,
I fold o'er-wearied hands and wait,
In full assurance of the good.
And well the waiting time must be,
Though brief or long its granted days,
If Faith and Hope and Charity
Sit by my evening hearth-fire's blaze.
And with them, friends Heaven has spared,
Whose love my heart has comforted,
And, sharing all my joys, has shared
My tender memories of the dead,—
Dear souls who left us lonely here,
Bound on their last, long voyage, to whom
We, day by day, are drawing near,
Where every bark has sailing room.
I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.
—Whittier.

LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

"A Reader," who requests the republication of "Lord Walter's Wife," the poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, declined by Thackeray when he was editing the *Cornhill*, is informed that it was published in the *MIRROR*, April 13, 1899. If he will send his name and address a copy of the paper of that date will be mailed to him.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steele mentioned at the Women Workers' Conference a little incident which threw a humorous sidelight on local opinion of the women workers. Her brother had tried to gain admittance to one of their meetings, but was stopped by a policeman, who, said Mrs. Steele, her eyes sparkling with merriment, volunteered the information, "These ain't the sort of women who want gentlemen."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A SONNET.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

As you seem to have taken such an interest in the sonnet of late I am emboldened to send you the enclosed contribution to the World's Fair of which your lips speak with a remarkable fullness, considering what must be the emptiness of your heart—for you know as well, if not better, than any citizen of St. Louis that the cleansing of our city will be a greater achievement than even the impossible reproduction of such a Fair as Chicago gave us.

Yours truly,

R. DeKalb.

St. Louis, Nov. 24, 1900.

TO ST. LOUIS—MY SALVATION.

What does it matter when this life shall end
Whither my exiled soul shall blindly flee—
Whether it upward rise or shall descend
So that it departeth far away from thee?
For even if its dwelling place be Hell
'Twill find a climate more salubrious far
Than thine—free from reeking garbage smell,
Unvexed by din and dint of Transit car—
Unwet by flooded filth of sprinkling carts—
Unruled by "Dutch" or by police machine—
Where produce dealers burn but have no marts,
For there righteous fires cleanse the foul unclean.
So thus it be if my soul fall or rise
It yet shall have a cinch on Paradise.

THE CONVENTION CITY.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The only thing lacking to make St. Louis the Convention City of the United States has been supplied. As every one of the 7,000 people present in the re-constructed Coliseum two weeks ago recognized, we have in the Coliseum the best convention hall in the world, without exception.

The *Globe-Democrat* said: "The sung words can be distinguished as plainly as in an auditorium of one-fourth the dimensions; the spoken words are carried to all ears plainly and resolutely."

The *Post-Dispatch* said: "The triumph of the Coliseum as a concert hall was the big thing for St. Louis in the opening of the music festival. This means that 10,000 people can gather in a vast hall and enjoy a concert with all that this signifies, in the way of hearing a great singer, great aggregations of singers and musicians, at moderate prices."

The excellence of the Coliseum was thus described by the *Republic*: "To me, sitting well at the front, it seemed impossible that those away back in the Coliseum could get the full beauty of the orchestral work. In pursuing this thought I, later, moved to the extreme distant end of the building, and, to my great delight, found that the specially provided sound-board served its purpose admirably."

The St. Louis Coliseum is to-day the only hall in the world where an ordinary speaker can be heard easily by every one of an audience of 15,000 to 20,000 people.

With her central location, unsurpassed railroad facilities, magnificent hotels and her reputation for hospitality, St. Louis should have ninety per cent of all the National Conventions held in the United States.

Will you ask your readers to notify the Exposition management of all National Conventions to be held in the United States, which there is any possibility of bringing to St. Louis, giving us the names and addresses of the proper officers to correspond with, and all the details possible?

Yours very truly,

W. J. Atkinson,
General Manager.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mr. Mosher's Autumn List of Books,
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Now First Done Into English Verse in the Original Forms, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction by John Payne.

THIS reprint of one of the most celebrated translations of the century is based upon three editions: the rare first edition of 1878, of which but 157 copies were privately printed; the edition of 1881, issued for public sale by Reeves and Turner, London, which has been followed in the matter of the few expurgations conceded to be necessary; and the Villon Society edition of 1892, in which last Mr. Payne gave his final text, and brought the subject matter of his introduction up to date. Several pages of fac-similes from the 1878 edition are given, and no pains have been spared to present the American book-lover with a work that for years to come must remain a desideratum in every well chosen collection.

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MARIUS THE EPICUREAN:

His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Pater.

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN is the "Book Beautiful;" or as the Greek motto prefixed to the title so exquisitely calls it—"A winter dream when the nights are longest." No other phrase so adequately describes it. After fifteen years the time has come when it may be presented with all the dignity that publisher, designer, printer and paper-maker working in joint harmony can command. The text is that of the first edition, while the foreword, by Mr. William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis, is an American appreciation of very decided interest. A final note taken from Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's *Retrospective Reviews* concludes the work.

Mr. Mosher's reprint must needs be seen to be fully appreciated. Printed in old-style Roman face, with rules around each page and an entirely original set of headbands, tail-pieces, and rubricated initials, it can only be compared with the choicest specimens of book-making issued by The Chiswick Press, London.

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By William Morris.

Believing that the admirers of the prose romances of William Morris' later years will welcome a reprint in type that is readable, Mr. Mosher here offers his own conception of how it should be done. For this purpose a 12-point old style Roman face has been chosen, the format being modelled upon one of the most approved Whittingham editions. Chiswick headbands, tail-pieces, and initials are also used, and each page is enclosed within old style rules.

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By Matthew Arnold.

EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA is, next to *Atalanta in Calydon*, the most beautiful modern transcription derived from classical sources, and stands foremost in the list of Matthew Arnold's poetical achievements. Our edition is an attempt to give at a price within reasonable limits, an example of Kelmescott Press work similar in idea to Mr. Mosher's last year's reprint of *Hand and Soul*. To this end what has seemed to us one of the choicest of Kelmescott books—*Coleridge's Poems*—has been freely drawn upon for borders, initials, and format. The result, we believe, is a very charming approximation to the work accomplished by Morris, especially so as the paper used is the same as made for him.

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By Robert Buchanan.

THIS pathetic and beautiful memoir of the young Scotch poet (author of the Sonnet-Sequence, *In the Shadows*, given in *The Babelot* for last June,) is here reprinted for the first time entire. Chiswick headbands, tail-pieces, and cover design in colors, add to the beauty of the letter press; in a word Mr. Mosher has aimed to produce a distinctively attractive book, as befits the one hundredth volume issued by him.

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Mr. Mosher's New List of Books in Belles Lettres

IS NOW
READY

This new List is not only a Bibliography in brief of "The Mosher Books" 1891-1900 inclusive, but an exquisite little Babelot in itself, and is mailed postpaid for the asking

THOMAS B. MOSHER,

AT XLV EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE LIVELY GIRL.

A girl who wore a big Rat under her Pompadour and preferred a short Walking Skirt, even if Men did turn around and look, had a kind of an uneasy Wish to be real Devilish. She told every one that she couldn't bear anything Formal, and she believed in having a jolly Time even though it caused Talk.

When she had a Flirtation under way she worked Overtime at it. She made it Hum while it lasted. She had the Telephone Habit, and the Messenger Boys knew where she lived without looking in the Book. She loved to go out in the afternoon and meet some Fellow without letting her People know anything about it. She would walk the Young Man up and down some Side Street and taunt him with being a Trifler and try to draw him out and make him Propose, so that she could give him the Willykithrow and mark another Notch on the Handle of her Scalping Knife. She had many Notches and, apparently, wanted to establish a new Record. A good many Young Men of the kind that can get away in the afternoon did Propose to her, just to humor her. She always said she was Sorry that they had mistaken her Friendly Interest for the real, genuine old Love, and she hoped they would go away somewhere and try to Forget. Most of them took her Advice. They were Commercial Travelers and had been packing up to move to the Next Town even before she spoke to them.

These Intrigues and Clandestine Meetings in Department Stores, and Make Believe Romances, conducted with almost as much Secrecy as a Business Men's Carnival, led the Girl to believe that she was Reckless and a teeny bit Wicked. She hoped so anyway. For fear that others would not know how she was Cutting Up, she told several hundred of her Acquaintances that a Girl could have a good Time and at the same time be a Lady, and that very few Understood her, but those who did wouldn't believe everything they Heard. She said she was a natural Bohemian, and to prove it she used to serve Rye Bread Sandwiches every Wednesday night and tell her large Staff of Gentlemen Friends to smoke all over the House.

Once she cut loose so far that she drank about a Tablespoonful of Artillery Punch and took a pull at a Cigarette, when no one was looking. The same Night she put on a Man's Overcoat and Hat and did a few Buck and Wing steps, just to show that she was full of the Old Nick. There is no use in trying to conceal the Fact that she was a saucy Rascal.

She thought she was duplicating Carmen's Career and getting into a class with the Fibrous Heroine of the English Problem Play, who is sighing for more Commandments to Break.

After the Fast Girl had taken the Hurdles of three Seasons and cut out a Gait that made the other Girls declare that they never saw the Like, she married a Man who had invented an Air Brake, and now lives near the Works. She is a member of the Married People's Duplicate Whist Club and teaches the infant Class at the Guild School on Sunday.

It is a great Satisfaction to her to think that she has a Past, and it would be a Shame to tell her any different.

Moral: Never suspect the Girl who says she is Bad.

Special offers to ladies' 14-karat gold watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

MISPLACED SWEETNESS.

She was pouring at a tea that afternoon, and she looked unusually bewitching. He was sitting at her left, in a bower of palms that almost concealed him. He was holding one of her hands under cover of the tablecloth, while she tried to pour with the other.

She did not look at him as he talked, but he knew, by her color and the little quiver of the hand he was holding, that she heard everything he said.

"Dearest," he murmured, as she sent one cup off without a spoon and another filled only with whipped cream, "dearest, if you don't mind my saying all this to you, just drop a spoon. Couldn't you manage it?"

A clatter of silver, and more color in the girl's face, as, in stooping to pick up the spoon, he kissed her hand. Spurred by this success, he went on: "Dearest, if—if you return it—that is, if you love me, you know, just put three lumps of sugar into the next cup you pour—'y-e-s. Or, if you don't, two, to spell 'No.'"

One, two, three! The tiny cup was almost full, but in her haste to hide her confession she covered the three lumps hastily with chocolate and cream, and sent them off.

He asked his mother, as they drove home that night, if she had enjoyed herself.

"Ugh! No!" was her disgusted reply. "Such horrible stuff to drink as they gave one! Why, my cup was half full of sugar."

—M. S. Holbrook, in the Smart Set.

GOULD'S BLUE BOOK.

Gould's Blue Book, for the year 1901, has made its appearance in good time for the opening of the social season of 1900-1901. This, the nineteenth volume of the series issued by the Gould Directory Company of this city, is, in all respects worthy of the support of its patrons. It is elegantly printed, on good paper, gilt-edged and handsomely bound. This year it is dedicated to Mr. William H. Thompson, cashier of the National Bank of Commerce. There are additions to the clubs and club membership. The Blue Book contains the names of 14,000 persons in St. Louis, the suburbs and a few contiguous towns. Among the latter are the society people of Alton, Carlinville, (Illinois) St. Charles, Mo., etc. In the front of the book are diagrams of the theatres, and ten or twelve pages devoted to "Hints on Etiquette," social forms for invitations, etc., all useful enough, for young folks especially. Lists of churches, schools, public institutions, public officials and a street directory are other features of value to the average citizen.

A stranger got off the car and, accosting a newsboy, asked him to direct him to the nearest bank.

"This way," said the newsie, and, turning the corner, pointed to a skyscraper just across the street.

"Thank you, and what do I owe you?" said the gentleman, pulling a penny out of his pocket.

"A quarter, please."

"A quarter! Isn't that pretty high for directing a man to the bank?"

"You'll find, sir," said the youngster, "that bank directors are paid high in Chicago."—Chicago Tribune.

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh.

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No. 5. "Nebraska-Colorado Express," one night 2.05 P. M.
to Denver, for Colorado, Utah, Pacific Coast. DAILY.
Also for St. Paul and Minneapolis.

No. 15. For Kansas City, St. Joseph, Denver, 9.00 P. M.
Omaha, Nebraska, Colorado, Pacific DAILY.
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MAP OF OUR
NEW POSSESSIONS.

A document of unusual value is the "Round the World" folder just issued by the New York Central Lines, including a map of the United States, Alaska and our islands in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"
"Yes; I'm a cornetist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a pianist."
"Does your mother play?"
"She's a zitherist."
"And your father?"
"He's a pessimist."—Exchange.

She—John, dear, that recipe for lemon pie in my new cook book says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.

He—Well, Penelope, if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you have to stir constantly.—Indiana Weekly.

Fishing is Fine

On the St. Francis River.

A string of thirty black bass, weighing from a pound to four pounds, is an ordinary catch of two hours on the St. Francis, when the conditions are favorable.



The Cotton Belt Route

skirts the St. Francis for sixty miles. New train leaves Union Station daily at 8.37 p. m.; arrives at the river points shortly after daybreak. Through Sleeper and Chair Car. Special rates for sportsmen.

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CRAWFORD'S!

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Fourth Floor.



	List	Our
	Price	Price
Shakespeare's Complete Works, 1 vol, Cloth, Illustrated.....	\$1.50	.98
The Works of Josephus, 1 vol, Cloth, Illustrated.....	1.50	.98
New Biographical Dictionary, Cloth.....	1.50	.98
Encyclopedia of Wit and Wisdom, Cloth.....	1.50	1.18
Peck's Uncle Ike and the		
Red-Headed Boy, Cloth.....	1.00	.59
Stories About Animals, Illustrated, Cloth.....	.75	.39
Spanish-American War and Battles in the Philippines, Cloth.....	.75	.58
The Pathway of Life, by Rev. T. D. Tal- mage.....	1.50	.68
Redpath's History of the United States, Cloth.....	2.00	1.18
Our Poets, Their Portraits and Poems, Cloth.....	1.25	.75
Recitations for Young Speakers, Cloth.....	.75	.48
Birds and Animals, Child's Natural History, Cloth.....	.75	.48
White House Cook Book.....	1.50	.85
A Year of the Century Magazine, 2 vols, Heavy Cloth Binding, '98, per set.....	5.50	1.85
Oxford Teachers' Bible, Morocco cover.....	1.50	.98
Catholic Prayer Books, Cloth and Leather Bindings, from.....	.15	
Episcopal Prayer Books, Hymnals, from.....	.25	
Parisian Dream City, Illustrated Worlds Exposition, Cloth Cover.....	2.68	
Parisian Dream City, Illustrated World's Exposition, Flexible Cover.....	1.98	

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all over, made with a large plain flare, a \$25.00
Skirt, for..... \$13.50
Very Stylish Venetian Cloth Suits, handsomely
trimmed with Satin bands, tailor-stitched,
colors, Brown, Red, Gray, Blue, Black and Cas-
tor, a \$30.00 Suit, for..... \$18.50
We are showing a fine line of Ladies' Automobile
Coats, Storm or Coat Collars, a strictly up-to-
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Brown, Black, Blue and Gray, a \$35.00 Coat,
for..... \$25.00
Ladies' Fine Quality of French Venetian Cloth
Dress Skirts, handsomely tucked in clusters, a
\$13.75 Skirt, for..... \$9.00
We have an Elegant Line of Ladies' Velour Blouses,
Plain or trimmed, all the very latest creations.
Prices from..... \$22.50 up to \$45.00

Art Gallery.

Fourth
Floor.

We know of nothing more appropriate for a Present, let it be for a Birthday, Wedding or these Holidays than a Fine Picture executed by an Artist of Reputation, such as we offer to the Buying Public in the "Barnsley Collection" of Oil and Water Colors in Our Own Art Gallery on the Fourth Floor.

We have sold quite a number, but still have left some of the choicest Gems of which we can mention here only a few.

IN OIL.

No. 2. "Avenue de la Grand Armie." Artist's Own Valua- tion, unframed, \$325, Our price, framed.....	\$200.00
No. 17. "St. Malo, Britany." Artist's Valuation \$75.00, Our price, framed.....	\$45.00
No. 26. "Moonlight." Artist's Valuation, \$80.00, Our price, framed.....	\$50.00
No. 38. "Sunset, Holland." Artist's Valuation, \$125.00, Our price.....	\$75.00

IN WATER COLORS.

No. 2. "Sable Bank." Artist's Valuation, unframed, \$20.00, Our price, framed.....	\$10.00
No. 7. "On the Hudson." Artist's Valuation, \$16.00, Our price, framed.....	\$8.50
No. 18. "Windmill at Lachine Rapids." Artist's Valuation, \$30.00, Our price, framed.....	\$20.00
No. 30. "Easter Point Light House." Artist's Valuation, \$50.00, Our price, framed.....	\$30.00
No. 41. "Whitby, England." Artist's Valuation, \$70.00, Our price, framed.....	\$40.00
No. 59. "Ships at Gloucester." Artist's Valuation, \$75.00, Our price, framed.....	\$40.00

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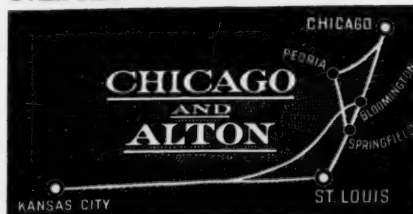
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